STEPBROTHER'S
TABOO Best-Friend
ADULTS EROTIC SHORT SEX STORY FORBIDDEN OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN, EXPLICIT AGE-GAP, SMUTTY BOOK
IZZIE VEE

Stepbrother's Taboo Best-Friend: Adults Erotic Short Sex Story

Forbidden Older Man Younger Woman, Explicit Age-Gap, Smutty Book

IZZIE VEE

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden

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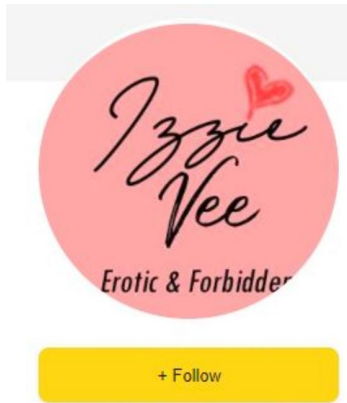

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Table of Content

Stepbrother's Taboo Best-Friend
- Important Readers' Note
- Chapter 1
- Chapter 2
- Chapter 3
- Chapter 4
- Chapter 5
- Chapter 6
- Chapter 7
- Chapter 8
- Chapter 9
- Chapter 10
- Chapter 11
- Chapter 12
- Chapter 13
- Chapter 14
- Chapter 15
- Chapter 16
- Chapter 17
- Chapter 18
- Epilogue

Chapter 1

Rachel

"Connor will be here soon; Henry said he's bringing a friend." I lifted my head from the novel I was reading and turned to my mom who'd just entered the living room.

"A friend? Girlfriend?" I asked.

"No, a guy. He'll be staying here for the rest of the summer, I think," she shrugged.

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat. "What? How am I just hearing about this?" I placed my book down and eased up on the sofa.

Mom seemed confused. "Honey, I didn't think it was a big deal. I doubt they'll be here most of the time. They're just done with college and will probably be out having fun."

I sighed, thinking she was right. I just couldn't bear the thought of having two Connors around since he was overbearing enough. I'd already planned on a peaceful summer, so I could clear my head and prepare myself mentally for another year of college. Now all of a sudden, the idea of peace seemed like a reach.

Mom approached me and rubbed my shoulders gently. "I know you don't like Connor that much, but he's family. Henry and I have been married eight years now – it's about time you got along."

"I don't hate him," I clarified. "It's just that we are complete opposites, and he can be a bit annoying at times."

Mom smiled. "I suppose most big brothers are like that," she said.

I almost wanted to cringe at the description, but I knew she was probably right. Connor was only my stepbrother, but as far as annoying brothers went, I supposed he fit in the category.

"Anyway, they'll be here soon, so I'm gonna prepare some lunch in the meantime."

I managed a smile, watching as my mom slipped off to the kitchen. My sigh followed after, my appetite to read suddenly gone. The idea of having someone over just didn't sit right with me, especially since they were friends with Connor. Surely, they'd be cut

from the same cloth.

I suddenly wished I had somewhere else to go for the summer, but I didn't have many friends and those I was friends with weren't close enough for me to be at their houses. Plus, Mom definitely wouldn't agree since she believed I already had all the amenities at home to keep me happy – namely, the large pool in the backyard.

About twenty-minutes into my attempt to read, I heard a car being revved up outside and knew it had to be Connor since that was a habit he'd adapted when Henry had bought him the Lamborghini a year ago. I eased up from the sofa with a sudden urge to roll my eyes, already feeling annoyed, even though I hadn't seen Connor as yet.

Mom came barreling into the living room, untying the apron that had been wrapped around her. She had a huge smile on her face.

"It's them. Come on, Sweetheart, look alive," she said.

I peeled myself off the sofa and smoothed my dress before I stood. I heard laughs as they approached the house, and I mentally braced myself, trying my best to present a pleasant front. The front door opened and closed, the sounds of footsteps closing in on us until Connor made an appearance, a huge smile on his face.

"Connor!" my mom exclaimed, immediately moving towards him with her arms outstretched for a hug.

"Hey, Alana," he said as he hugged her, a smile still set on his face. His gaze shifted to me standing in the background, and I watched as his warm smile transformed into a smirk.

"Hey, Bug!" he said as he broke away from my mom and walked towards me.

I frowned at the nickname he'd given me since day one. He opened his arms to hug me, and I couldn't do anything to stop the huge hug he offered, lifting me off the ground a little as he twirled me around.

I braced against him, pulling away. "Stop calling me that," I murmured.

He grinned and ruffled my hair – another thing I hated. "You know I won't," he said so casually I knew he meant every word of it. I angrily used my fingers to comb out my disheveled hair, my gaze shifting to the guy who'd entered the room.

"This is my friend, Luke. Luke, this is my stepmom Alana and my step-sis, Rachel."

I swallowed hard; my gaze stuck on Luke who had a pleasant

commercial-type smile on his face as he greeted my mom. He was tall and handsome with dark blonde hair in a tapered cut. As his green eyes shifted to me, I felt my pulse increase and my arm pits suddenly felt sweaty.

"Hi," he said, shoving out a large hand that I looked at for a few seconds, unsure of what to do.

I cleared my throat and placed mine in his.

"Hi," I said while his large, warm hand curled around mine, swallowing it up. A rush of heat flooded my body, adding to the feeling of breathlessness I was experiencing.

When it felt like my hands were against him for too long, I quickly pulled back and cast my gaze to the floor, taking a step back to compose myself. When my gaze lifted, slowly moving back to him, I realized he was still looking at me, a small smile on his handsome face.

"I made some lunch for you guys if you're hungry. I made Connor's favorite, so I hope you're a fan of Caesar salad wraps, Luke," she said on her way to the kitchen.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes, never liking the fact that my mom was always a push-up when it came to Connor and Henry. Sure, they were family now, but she always went above and beyond for them, which for me was slightly weird.

"Sweet!" Connor announced as he rushed to get ahead.

"Sounds good," Luke agreed as he, too, followed behind.

I stood there, watching them go when Luke looked back at me. I stiffened as his gaze roamed my frame before he scurried off to join the others. I sighed heavily, feeling slightly flushed and knowing exactly that it was because of this man who'd barged into our home and left me completely disheveled. It was just a few minutes. Could I even survive the whole summer?

**

I joined them when Connor was on his second wrap, his mouth stuffed, his back crouched over the counter, his face almost touching the plate as he chewed vigorously on his food. I glanced at my plate, which was set at the opposite end, in front of Luke. I pulled in a breath, trying to compose myself before I sat.

Mom served the drinks as soon as I sat.

“This is the best wrap I’ve ever had, Mrs. Smith,” Luke said while he ate in a less animalistic manner than Connor.

“Aww, thanks Luke,” she smiled, a faint blush on her cheeks.

“Alana has gifted hands when it comes to the kitchen, man. It’s one of the many things I missed while being away,” Connor said, his voice slightly muffled with food.

Mom grinned now. “I try my best, but I’m happy you’ll be here all summer so I can spoil you guys with my cooking.”

Connor nodded. “I’m already drooling,” he said.

I silently took a bite, praying the attention wouldn’t be shifted to me.

“So, Luke, is this your first time in Miami?” Mom asked.

Luke paused and swallowed. “It is.”

“Well, I hope you’ll have the best time here.”

He smiled, his gaze shifting to me. “I hope so, too.”

My gaze flattened to my meal.

“We plan on having the best summer before we head off into the working world,” Connor said.

“Well, your work is already cut out for you, Connor,” Mom said. Connor sighed heavily, taking a gulp of his drink.

“Don’t remind me.”

She laughed.

“So, Bug, how was second year?” he asked, and I stiffened, quickly shifting my gaze to him, my cheeks stinging at the nickname he insisted on calling me even in front of strangers.

“Educational,” I mumbled.

He snorted. “Christ, I don’t know, I was expecting something… less obvious.”

“It’s fine. Not much different from the first year. There’s nothing ‘fun’ if that’s what you expected me to say.”

“Well, that’s kinda expected when you’re going to such nerdy college,” he sniggered.

“Where’s that?” Luke asked.

“MIT,” he quickly said, raising a brow at Luke whose eyes widened.

“So, you’re smart, smart?”

Connor laughed. “An understatement.”

“Kudos to you, Rachel,” he said, meeting my gaze.

I managed a smile. “Thank you.”

“Rachel is smart, of course. She always has been, but don’t you guys underplay your intelligence. You both did great in school.”

“Yeah, well, I like the rewards I get when I do well, so it’s not like I have much of a choice. My dad would have my head on a pike.”

Mom giggled. “Henry just wants the very best for you, and it’s because you did so well that you’re able to get this summer off – free to do whatever you want.”

Connor nodded. “Thank God.” His gaze shifted to me. “Any plans for the summer, Bug?”

“Not really. I have a collection of books I want to finish reading before I start school again,” I said, my voice raising a tad as I got myself excited by my own words.

Connor rolled his eyes. “Jesus, Bug. I mean, something that’s physically fun to do. Parties, club, trips, the beach…”

My lips parted to reply, but my mom was first to speak. “Rachel isn’t that type – you know that, Connor.”

I picked at my salad.

“Yeah, but her being twenty and never experiencing the full college life is wild to me,” he said.

“I’m fine,” I was quick to say, slightly getting annoyed by the whole topic.

“You’ve never gone to a party?” Luke asked, staring at me as if I were some alien from a different planet.

I swallowed. “Er, not those type of parties, no.”

“And she doesn’t need to. Rach is quite the bookworm, and that’s fine.”

“It’s not like she’s gonna suddenly become less smart if she goes out,” Connor scoffed.

I sighed heavily, feeling frustrated. “I’m not interested in that scene so please; this discussion is barely necessary.”

He shrugged and continued to eat as if nothing happened, while a deathly silence fell in the room. I knew Luke was staring without

even having to look up, and I just didn't want to meet his smoldering gaze so soon after this conversation. Maybe he thought I was a complete nerd – which I was, but I hadn't exactly planned on that being my first impression for a guy as hot and as good looking as Luke.

Chapter 2

Rachel

One of the guest rooms was right across from mine – on the east wing of the house where Connor and I was – which meant Luke would be right across from me. I watched as Connor helped him to get his luggage in, while Mom made it her duty to get him some fresh, clean towels and sheets. Luke had three suitcases, which was surprising since he was just spending the summer, and based on what I'd observed, men weren't usually heavy packers.

"We should definitely go check out the pool. It's been a while since I've been in one," Connor said as he dragged Luke's suitcases to the side.

"Sounds good," Luke agreed.

"I'll get started on dinner," Mom said as she left the room, pausing at the door. "Make yourself at home, Luke."

He smiled, his gaze shifting to me. I swallowed, inching backwards into my room.

"Wanna join us, Bug?" Connor asked.

I immediately shook my head. "I think I'll pass."

I bit my lips and hugged my shoulders, watching as they left.

**

I slipped the curtains to the side, peeking through the small space I allowed myself. There, I could clearly see Connor and Luke from where I was, both with their shirts off and their trunks on, ready to take a dip. My gaze lingered on Luke whom I couldn't help but stare at with his body looking too toned for someone in college. Did he live in the gym there? I couldn't even tell, but based on what I saw, it seemed Luke had spent most of his days playing a sport or working out at a gym. Every inch of him was attractive, carved to perfection from the distance I was at. I could only imagine what it would be like to see him up close and peer on every inch of fine muscle.

Connor was the first to take a dive, plunging into the water after a triumphant shout. Luke went shortly after, doing a cannonball before he came back up laughing. I smiled at the tone of his voice and

how much it caused my heart to beat a tad bit faster. I didn't know why. This man was yards away from me and yet it felt like he was right in front of me in the way my body reacted

I couldn't take my eyes off him for even a second, and I didn't even think about how long I sat there staring at him until I heard a soft knock at the door. I gasped, quickly spinning my head around to the door and moving towards my bed instead.

"Yes?" I announced, looking to see who entered though I already had a pretty good idea it was my mom.

She cracked open the door, her smile peeking through the crack before she entered.

"Hey," she said, moving towards me.

"Hey, is everything okay?" I asked, reaching for the novel I'd been reading earlier.

"Yeah, I just heard, though, that there's a tropical depression forming in the Caribbean. You know Florida is always prone to storms."

My brows furrowed as I reached for my phone, wanting to confirm that. "Yeah, but it's too soon to tell, don't you think?" I asked, looking from my phone and then back at her.

"Yeah, could be. I just thought I'd let you know; you could maybe research to see if it's real?"

I swallowed the sudden lump in my throat and nodded my head. "Yeah, yeah… of course."

She took a seat on the bed and reached for my hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze. "I know you don't like storms," she said, and my throat constricted at her words, a tightness appearing in my chest.

I lifted my chin and cleared my throat. "I'm fine, Mom. I'll be fine."

I managed a smile to reassure her, and she did, too, before her gaze went to the window after hearing the splashes. "You're okay with Luke being here, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I was quick to say, though I wasn't sure myself. I just didn't want us going back and forth over something that would remain as is.

"Okay good. I'd better get back to dinner prep," she smiled before she got up and left the room. I sighed heavily after casting my gaze to my phone once again. My heart fluttered once I realized my

mom was right about the tropical depression forming. I only hoped Florida would be exempted this once.

**

I took a bath, got dressed in one of my short flowy, summer dresses and went downstairs for the dinner Mom said was ready about five minutes ago. Normally, dinner wasn't such a big deal for me, but knowing a handsome stranger was temporarily living in this house, put a whole new perspective on things. Everything I did now, I had to think of a stranger first.

I tucked my hair behind my ear and walked into the dining room where Mom was. Apparently, no one had come down for dinner as yet, and it was just her, placing the plates, which already had steaks and potatoes on each. A salad bowl was in the center, alongside some more potatoes and a bottle of wine.

"Where's everyone?" I asked.

"They should be down soon. Could you help me with the glasses?" she asked as she made her way back to the cupboards.

I did as asked, placing glasses at the designated areas before I took a seat, waiting for everyone else to arrive. The solid sounds of footfalls coming down the steps made my heart race just a little, and soon after, Connor came barreling through the entrance, a smile on his face, his gaze immediately moving to the table. He rubbed his hands together and was hasty to take a seat. Luke came after, closely behind Henry who I hadn't even realized had gotten home from work. No longer in a suit, he wore his slacks with a t-shirt, still somehow managing to look like the aristocratic businessman he was.

He smiled once he saw me, and I smiled back, watching as he came towards me and placed a gentle kiss on my cheek. "Hey, Rach…"

"Hi, I didn't know you were home," I said.

"I got in not too long ago and took a shower."

I only smiled as everyone took their respective seats. I was expecting Luke to sit beside Connor, but then I realized, his plate was beside me, opposite Connor. I swallowed hard, my gaze falling to my lap as Luke came to sit beside me. I caught onto the scent of his perfume, which enveloped me like a cloak – a rich, musky scent with a heady sweetness that had me licking my lips for no reason. I didn't look at him but could somehow feel his gaze on me – I could even feel the warmth from his body on mine.

As we began to eat, my gaze darted to his plate and saw the way he was shoveling down his food this time around, which reminded me of the way Connor ate. All three men in the room didn't look up as they ate; I glanced at my mom who only smiled before she cleared her throat and took a glass of her wine.

"So, honey, how was work?" Mom asked Henry who stopped to look up from his meal.

"Was good. I was saying earlier that since you're here Connor, maybe you could stop by the office sometime – see what's ahead for you."

Connor sighed heavily. "Dad, I already know what's in store for me, and I've been to the office a million times. I just want to enjoy my last free summer."

Henry narrowed his gaze to Connor. "Don't let this be one of those things where you say you're going to do it and then you don't. You already know the consequences if you fail to see this through."

A loud silence fell around us. I looked to my plate as I toyed with the food, hating this awkwardness that was always present whenever Henry and Connor were in the same place.

"Dad, please… could we just not do this right now?" Connor asked, looking to Luke, his face slightly flushed.

Henry looked at Luke, a tight smile on his face. "So, Luke, what are your plans now that you've graduated?"

Luke placed his fork down. "I er… I'm not sure yet to be honest. I'm just kinda going with the flow, for now. I studied business, so, of course I'd want something in that field."

Henry raised a brow and took a sip of his wine. "What does your parents have to say about all that?"

I looked to Luke whose brows furrowed. "About what exactly… Sir?"

Henry eased back in his chair. "You 'going with the flow'," he clarified.

Luke's Adam's apple visibly bobbed. "Well, my dad doesn't have much to say about it. My mom died when I was a kid."

I stiffened at his words, completely taken off guard by them. The tension grew thicker at the table following Luke's words.

"Well, I'm sorry to hear about that, young man."

Luke only nodded as he reached for a drink.

Connor cleared his throat. “Luke still has some time to figure it out and if anything, he can work at the company, too, right?”

Luke cleared his throat. “Connor-” They shared a look, and Connor swallowed, clearing his throat.

“Doesn’t Luke live in another state?” Mom asked.

“Yeah, you’re right. I don’t know what I was thinking,” he said, taking another gulp of his drink. “Anyway, Luke and I should get going. There’s no way we’re staying here on a weekend,” he said as he wiped his hand and pushed his plate to the side.

“Where are you going?” Mom asked.

“To have some fun,” he smiled at her. “Now, if you guys would excuse us.”

Luke glanced at me, and our gazes met, my pulse picking up speed. “You coming?”

My lips parted to say no, but the words just couldn’t come out. Not with him staring into my eyes in a way that seemed as if he wanted to know my darkest secrets.

Connor’s snort had me breaking eye contact. “Maybe if we were going to a library, Luke,” he said, voice tainted with mirth.

My cheeks burned hotly.

“Rachel isn’t into those type of things,” Mom added.

“Yeah, let’s go, Luke.”

Luke sat there for a couple more seconds before he stood. “Dinner was lovely Mrs. Smith. Thank you.”

Mom smiled at her thanks, and I watched as they left the room, leaving me there with Henry and my mom, who chose to remain silent as they ate. I ate the last of my meal before I went upstairs. By that time, Luke and Connor were already out the house.

Chapter 3

Rachel

I laid in bed after completing my earlier read, unable to sleep or even get my mind off the stranger who'd entered my life and disrupted all my thoughts. Since marrying my mom and us moving into the Smith home, Connor had often had a slew of his friends come by, none of which I ever found attractive, no matter how handsome they were or how charming they claimed to be.

Luke was different, though, in a way I couldn't quite describe since I didn't really know what it was. I didn't have anyone else to compare him to since I'd never met a guy who made me feel like the books and movies described. For a while, I'd thought the books were just exaggerating, but meeting Luke made me realize they weren't. No guy had ever made me feel like that, but with Luke, I felt everything. I understood the desire I now felt and knew it was because of him and him alone.

A car revved outside, and I put my thoughts to a halt and listened keenly, realizing it was Connor. Silence followed shortly after before I heard the sounds again inside. I got up from the bed and looked at the time. It was minutes after midnight. I flung my legs off the bed and pattered to the door when I heard the stomps coming up the stairs and a series of giggles, which made me realize they had company.

My face instantly became flushed and unable to help myself, I pulled the door open and peeked outside. I saw Connor staggering to his room, two females at his side while they clung to him. I gasped and was about to slam the door shut when Luke made an appearance. I wasn't fast enough, and our gazes met.

He stood there looking at me before a smile curled his lips. "Rachel," he said, my name sounding like a caress on his lips.

Since I'd already been caught, I pulled the door a bit further open. "Who are those people?" I asked.

He shrugged. "He met them at the club," he said, moving towards me. I realized, though, as opposed to earlier, a few buttons of his shirt were undone, his low-cut hair a bit messier.

"They're strangers?" I asked, trying to distract myself from his attire.

He nodded, still smiling. “Don’t seem so shocked, Rachel. I’m sure they only have one thing on their minds right now.”

I swallowed hard, thinking back to all of them going to Connor’s room and what that meant. I crossed my arms and stared at him.

“What about you? I’d expect the same.”

He shrugged. “They’re not really my type. I kinda have my eyes on someone else,” he said, and my heart plummeted.

“Oh,” I said, my gaze dropping to the floor.

When I realized he said nothing else, I looked up at him, and our gazes met. He was just inches away from me now, and I could smell the faint scent of alcohol on him, not strong enough to be a turn off but creating the perfect mixture with his cologne to leave me slightly heady.

“It’s you, Rachel.”

I blinked at him, my lips parting, producing no words. “Wha-me?”

He gave a curt nod and continued to stare at me with those green eyes of his. “I just thought I should let you know.” With that, he left for his room, giving me one last glance before he closed the door.

I remained there, my body stiff with my brain trying to figure out if I’d heard correctly. It couldn’t be. Luke liked me? But what was even there for him to like since I was as dull as dishwater? I’d barely even said a word to him since he was here; what could have possibly led him to that decision?

My gaze fell to my plaid pajamas, which did nothing to accentuate any part of my body. My hair was now tied up in a ponytail and with not even lip-gloss on, I was starting to believe maybe Luke, as handsome as he was, wasn’t right in the head.

Yet, as I went to lay down, I couldn’t get the thoughts from my mind. I alluded it all to him being drunk and incapable of thinking straight. There was no other reason.

When he woke up in the morning, I was sure he’d see reason and regret what he’d said. I had to mentally prepare myself for that.

I pulled the covers up to my neck and stared into the dimly lit room, still incapable of taking Luke off my mind. It was all I could think of alongside the fact that Connor had two women in his room doing God knows what. I’d only thought such things happened in very raunchy movies and porn and had been surprised to find that it

seemed like a normal thing. Connor was always the player, having a long line of women in the past, but never had I once seen him come home with two.

I swallowed hard and tried to digest all that I had seen. Even thinking about it all seemed like much work.

The following day, there was no sign of Connor and Luke even when I went down that morning. Mom had said they'd left earlier and had no clue where they went. A part of me had wanted to see Luke again. Maybe there was a part of me that wanted to see what would happen after what he'd told me last night.

I sat by the pool for most of the day, a novel glued to my hand as always while I soaked up little of the sun and enjoyed the silence that surrounded me.

"Hey, Bug… missed us?" I heard Connor's voice before I even saw him. I quickly closed the book and looked up to find Connor and Luke walking towards me. I quickly shuffled on the beach chair and cleared my throat.

Without awaiting an answer from me, he came and ruffled my hair before heading inside. I rolled my eyes and quickly tried to fix my hair, realizing Luke was still standing there.

"What's with the name?" he asked, voice tainted with mirth.

Heat rose to my cheeks. "I have no idea; he just got up one day and decided to be annoying, I guess."

Luke chuckled. "That's what big brothers are for, isn't it?"

I pulled in a breath. "That's what I've heard."

He rubbed the nape of his neck. "Listen, Connor and I are going to a bonfire tonight. You should come," he said.

"I'm not the party type… I think you know that by now."

"It's not really a party. It's more like a …gathering."

"I'm… I don't know…" I was beginning to feel flustered from Luke standing right in front of me and the temptation to give in to his invite.

"Think about it? We leave in a few hours."

I swallowed and managed a nod. "Okay."

With that, he left, and I released a sigh, feeling as if I'd finally managed to breathe since he arrived. I swept my hand across my face and bit down on my lips, pondering what he'd said. I'd never bothered

with going to a party before, and though Luke had said it wasn't, I still had never experienced what it was like gathering with a group of people in such a social manner.

Still, it didn't seem like the worst idea. I wanted to go, though there was some hesitance that stirred from the fact that while Luke wanted me to go, my mom and Connor would be a whole different ball game. I didn't think I could manage them shutting down the idea as soon as I suggested it.

Plus, I was still confused about what Luke meant last night and how he hadn't made an effort to clarify what he'd meant. Though I figured I was right. Maybe he had been more intoxicated than I thought and had forgotten the whole thing.

I got up and went to the living room where I knew Mom was. She was watching her favorite reality show, propped up on the sofa with her blanket thrown across her leg. She had a smile on her face, and I just knew that would disappear with what I was about to say to her.

"Mom…" I said from a distance, grabbing her attention. She looked up, her smile spreading further across her face when she saw me standing there.

She eased up a little. "Hey, honey, is everything okay?"

I timidly went further into the room, sitting at the end of the sofa she was on. My thumb dwindled with the edge of the book as I searched for the words to say.

"Er… I …there's this bonfire happening tonight." I met her gaze. "I think I'm gonna go?"

She frowned, sitting up on the couch. "A bonfire?"

"Yeah…Luke invited me," I confessed.

"Rachel, you don't like those type of things," she snorted a laugh. "I'm surprised you're even coming to me with this." She looked confused, which was probably justifiable seeing I'd never asked to do something like this.

"I know, but it's summer, and I think it'd do me some good to get out of the house a little."

She scratched her head. "When's this happening?"

"Tonight," I said.

Her eyes widened. "Tonight?"

I nodded.

Her blue eyes searched my face. She looked more bewildered than I could have ever imagined. I was starting to regret ever asking.

"What's gotten into you?" she asked.

"What's gotten into who? Bug?" I heard Connor's voice and immediately wanted to sink through the floor. He couldn't have come at a worse possible time… as always.

Mom's head snapped towards him. "You're going to a bonfire tonight?" she asked.

My cheeks heated. "Forget I said anything, Mom."

"Wait, did Luke tell you about that?" he asked me. Just then, Luke entered the room, and I just felt like disappearing altogether.

Luke looked from Connor to me. "Yeah, I thought it was a good idea to have her come along."

"Rachel doesn't do the whole party scene, Luke. I'm sorry."

"Wait, you wanted to come?" Connor asked me.

My face stung with embarrassment. "It's fine. Mom's right," I mumbled.

"No, because if you want to, we'll be there. You'll be fine. Nothing wrong in taking in some fresh night air. You've been in this house ever since you got back from campus," he pointed out, which was true.

"Rachel has her books and a whole lot more to entertain her. I think she'll be just fine," Mom muttered from the side.

My frustration was beginning to feel like anger. I felt like a kid and knew that was exactly how my mom saw me. Feeling my eyes prick with angry tears, I got up without saying another word and rushed to my room. It was embarrassing enough to be there with Luke who probably thought I was the lamest girl in existence who needed her parent's approval to go to a freaking party – at twenty!

I flopped down in my bed and tightly closed my eyes, feeling the tears that ran down the side of my face. I grabbed a pillow and hugged it, not even realizing when I'd fallen asleep.

**

I woke up to a soft knock at my door. I quickly got up, slightly disoriented and stared at the closed door.

"Come in," I announced, wondering who it was.

It was Connor.

"Hey," he said as he opened the door wider and stepped inside.

"What is it?" I asked, rubbing my eyes, not entirely in the mood for him.

"Get dressed; I'm sneaking you out."

I frowned, switching on the lights from my nightstand. "What?"

"You want to come to this bonfire, don't you?"

I swallowed. "It's fine; I'm over it," I mumbled.

"No, you're not. I know you want to, so get dressed and meet us downstairs in ten minutes." With that, he closed the door and left. I blinked a few times, still trying to clear the fog from my brain.

What was even happening? I'd never snuck out before, and Connor seemed kinder than usual. It was all so strange, but my heart had already begun to beat fast while I was torn between doing as he asked and staying in this room like the good girl I was.

I felt a kind of adrenaline that made me want to do the former, so I quickly dashed to my closet, skimmed through the clothes I had and picked out leggings and a sweater. I quickly pulled it on, combed my hair into a ponytail and applied some lip balm.

I wasn't sure about what I was doing, but doing something that wasn't a part of the norm felt liberating. I bit my lips as I cracked open my door, slipped through and tip-toed down the stairs. My heart was beating so fast, I wouldn't be surprised if I had a heart attack. I'd die a quick death if my mom or Henry caught me sneaking out, but it seemed they were already in bed.

I slipped through the front door and closed it behind me, releasing a sigh and almost giggling once I was finally out. It felt so good, I was cheesing to myself.

I almost jumped out of my skin when I heard clapping. I quickly spun around to find Connor and Luke standing right behind me. Connor had a smug smile on his face while Luke just looked proud.

"Wow, I never thought you actually had it in you, Bug. How does it feel to sneak out for the first time?"

I swallowed. "I'm not answering that."

He grinned. "I already saw the smile on your face. I think I already know the answer," he said as he spun his keys around his finger and moved towards the car.

This was the first time I'd ever driven in Connor's car. It was

small – not as roomy as the ones I was usually in and quite low. Luke joined him at the front, and I stayed in the back, making sure to strap my seatbelt on before we began driving. Connor glanced around the back to look at me and chuckled when he saw me all strapped up.

"You crack me up, Bug," he exclaimed before he started the car. My heart pounced in my chest when the vehicle came to life with a buzz. Luke laughed, and I held onto the seats as Connor sped off through the gates. He didn't slow his pace for even a second, and I started to feel regret again. It was going so fast I feared it would run off the road and into something, yet Connor and Luke didn't seem to mind. They both had smiles on their faces while the car sped past every single thing on its way.

But I didn't want to be the prude to tell them to slow down, so I remained quiet, silently praying to get wherever we were going safely while my palms perspired with sweat, and heat consumed my body. Luke glanced back at me and must have seen the bewildered expression on my face because he then glanced at Connor and bumped him on the shoulder.

"Slow it down a bit, man," he said. Connor then looked at me in the rearview.

"You okay, Bug?" he asked.

I managed a stiff smile. "Yeah," I said, clearing my throat.

Despite my lie, I was grateful to Connor for not going faster. The pace remained moderate as we continued to drive for the remainder of the journey. Connor parked alongside the road, and I quickly fumbled with the seatbelt, desperately trying to get it off me to get some air.

When I stepped outside, I pulled in a lungful of air, briefly closing my eyes as the cool night's air pricked my heated skin.

"You okay?" I heard a voice ask, opening my eyes to find Luke standing there, his gaze roaming my frame with a look of concern on his face.

I nodded. "Fine."

"I'm glad you came," he said.

I only smiled. I wasn't sure how I felt about all this, considering my whole body was in turmoil, and I'd gone against my mother's wishes for the first time in my life. Based on how this played out, I was yet to find out if I shared the same sentiments as Luke.

"Come on, guys," Connor announced, leading the way to the

beach. I regretted wearing shoes instead of sandals, having forgotten that bonfires usually meant beaches.

We went down the slight slope of sand. Already, a few people were gathered around a large fire with music playing on a small box. Chatters mingled with laughs and squeals as they congregated around the fire, dancing with drinks in hand.

I could already tell this wasn't my scene and felt the heat return to my body despite the chill air and the smell of the sea. That was the only good part, but I doubted I'd ever fit in.

"Connor, you're here!" one man announced, bringing the attention to us. The girls already started to whisper among themselves, smiling hard as Connor and Luke approached. But as soon as they saw me in the background, the smiles slightly faltered.

"Hey, guys; you know Luke from the other night," he started off by saying before he turned to me and smiled. "This is my sis, Rachel."

I was happy for small mercies. At least he didn't call me Bug in front of an audience of strangers. The smiles reappeared on their faces – maybe because they realized I was no longer a threat to them and their chances of bagging either of these men.

I smiled as they greeted me in what felt like a pretentious manner. Although Connor had made it clear I was his sister, they still continued to look at me as if I were the problem.

I dwindled my thumbs as I watched the interaction before me, realizing that most girls were dressed in shorts and crop tops, their hair down, face set with makeup. I didn't fit in, but not wanting to seem like the spoiled fruit, I took the can of beer Connor offered me and went further away in the dark to sit on the sand. Neither of them realized I was gone, which cut me deeper than I thought it would. While I expected that from Connor, I didn't from Luke, considering he was the one who invited me.

How could I blame him anyway, when he had a host of girls waiting to fall at his feet? With a sigh, I took a sip of the beer and cringed, putting it to the side. I pulled my shoes off, set them aside and smiled as I wriggled my toes in the sand. That felt good, and I didn't mind just sitting here, enjoying the fresh air and the feeling of having sand in my toes. I just wished I'd brought a book instead but was quickly reminded that I had the app on my phone anyway.

I was about to start reading when I looked back down to the bonfire and saw them all gathered there. The girls were fawning over both Luke and Connor while they entertained them with conversation. A part of me wished I was as outgoing as them – able to talk that

much to a boy without freezing up or making a complete fool of myself.

I shook my head to clear it of my thought and went back to concentrating on reading a book. I wasn't far in when a familiar cologne had me looking up. My pulse raced when I saw Luke standing there, a can of beer in hand. He came and took a seat beside me and looked out at the sea before he looked back at me.

"You're really not the type, are you Rachel?"

I licked across my lips. "I don't get why that seems surprising to you," I said.

He shrugged. "Maybe because you're in Miami – one of the best cities, especially in summer. I thought people from here automatically had that in them."

"Well, you might be surprised again to find that this is the closest I've ever come to a party," I said.

He met my gaze then, green eyes seemingly dark in the night. "You're kidding."

"A part of me wish I was," I said, blowing out a sigh.

He continued to examine my face as if trying to figure out if I was telling the truth. I couldn't look in his eyes for long without feeling like I was about to be set ablaze. There was just something about him looking at me that made me feel the strangest sensations – all of which felt good in a weird way.

"With Connor as your brother, I'd expected differently, but it's kind refreshing," he smiled.

I bit down on my lips to prevent myself from smiling, too. "In what way."

"I've never met a girl your age who's just all about the books."

I raised a brow. "You've never met a nerd before," I challenged.

He chuckled. "I don't think you're a nerd," he said.

I swallowed, feeling the heat in my body rise a couple degrees. "Then, what do you think I am?" I asked, suddenly desperate to hear an answer.

"I think you want to experience more than the fantasies you read about in books, but you're afraid."

I stiffened, tearing my gaze away, feeling slightly guilty that he was able to figure me out in a day.

“What makes you think that?” I hated the way my voice broke at the end.

“It’s quite clear Rachel. You don’t want to disappoint your mom, do you?”

I cleared my throat. “I don’t want to disappoint anyone,” I muttered silently.

“How about yourself? I have a feeling you’ll be happier when you decide to do things you want to and not necessarily what people want.”

I pulled in a breath, feeling my eyes prick with tears.

“Let’s play a game,” he said, his voice filled with much more enthusiasm.

I slightly frowned. “What game?”

“I tell you what I want, and you do the same.”

I took a moment before I shrugged. “Okay, what do you want?”

He leaned in, and my heart plummeted, unsure of what was to come. Yet I didn’t move, I stayed there until I felt the warmth of his breath on my face.

“I’ve wanted to kiss you from the very minute I saw you,” he said, and I sucked in a breath, caught off-guard by his words. His gaze was on the very thing he wanted, and I couldn’t do much to stop it or my beating heart. A part of me craved this since I’d found Luke attractive from the start, but I was inexperienced. I’d never kissed a guy before – ever – and without proof, I could tell that Luke had loads of experience up his sleeve.

My body was hot, the flesh between my legs thrummed, and I knew it was arousal. I realized quickly that I probably wanted this more than he did.

His lips brushed mine, and my pulse quickened at the feel of his soft lips against mine. He pulled back slightly, still mere inches from me while I stared at his plush, full lips. It was just a chip off the iceberg, but I wanted the whole thing. Without a clue what I was doing, I leaned into him and latched my mouth to his. Getting the permission that I figured he was awaiting, his warm tongue slipped inside my mouth, and I pried my lips apart to give him entry while reveling on the sweet taste of his mouth. Fire spurred within me, my vagina feeling like it was oozing water. My nipples tightened under my sweater, and as Luke cupped my cheeks to kiss me more fervently, I was certain my thoughts held no logic.

He kissed me hard, and I felt much of the need he felt. As much as I tried to reciprocate the movements of his skillful tongue, I was no match for his experience and instead, allowed him to lead the way, wrapping his tongue around mine, sucking on it before he caressed my lips with his mouth. Like a starved animal, I leaned further into him, wrapping my hands around his neck and taking all that he offered with my body awkwardly pressed against him, granting my hardened nipples some release as they grazed against him.

I whimpered when Luke pulled my tongue in his; more of my juices flowed from between my legs, and I was slightly fearful that the wetness would be visible once we stopped.

Luke broke the kiss, and I looked into his eyes with my lips still parted, my face feeling flushed from our encounter. Luke's eyes seemed even darker now; in fact, he looked almost primal.

"What do you want?" he asked me.

My gaze dropped to his mouth. "More."

Chapter 4

Rachel

I couldn't believe I said what I did, but in that moment, there was no fear, no hesitance – just the unbridled urge to tell him my heart's desire. I wanted more; more of his kisses, his touch and anything else that I hadn't gotten the chance to experience before. My body was a furnace, and the flesh between my legs were a pool. I wanted so much to explore these desires with Luke being the leader.

His face inched closer to mine again, and I could tell he was about to kiss me again. My heart lurched for it and just when I thought it would all be mine, it all stopped.

"Luke!" I stiffened when I heard Connor's voice.

Luke pulled away, and we both looked down to the bonfire. Thankfully, he couldn't see us clearly from where he was, but in that moment, it felt like the world had crashed into me.

"You should go," I said. "I don't want him suspecting anything. After all, what would you be doing here with me when the party's down there?" I raised a brow at that. His jaw clenched before he got up and brushed off his pants.

"We aren't finished with this," he said before he walked off. It sounded like a promise, and my stomach mixed together a dangerous concoction of both anxiety and desire. I bit down on my lips, tasting him once again.

I found myself smiling because it was like my body was suddenly on a dangerous high, and I liked the feeling. It felt almost liberating, and it made me eager for what was to come.

**

They wrapped things up later than night. The ride home was mostly silent apart from Connor's metal music playing in the background. He tapped his fingers against the wheels as he drove, bobbing his head to the rhythm of the music. I could still feel the tension between me and Luke, and I could see him staring into the rearview at me in the back every now and again.

"So, Bug, how was your first outing?" Connor asked.

My gaze snapped towards him. Pity he could never know about what happened between me and Luke – that it was the best thing that ever happened to me in a while.

"It wasn't the worst thing," I said.

He laughed. "Told you. Next time I'm dragging you along with us, too. You should loosen up, and plus, it's summer."

"Er… okay."

The car slowed, Connor quickly glancing back at me. "Okay? Did you just say, okay? Luke, you heard that, right?"

Luke grinned, and I couldn't resist my smile. "Yep, I heard it, too," he agreed.

"Well, damn, Bug. Good for you!"

I smiled and eased into the car. My gaze met Luke's in the rearview, and my cheeks stung with a blush. The look in his eyes reminded me of what I had said and what he had said. I couldn't wait.

Connor yawned as we got home and headed upstairs. There wasn't a female by his side tonight, but I could see how tired he was.

"I'll see you guys in the morning," he said between yawns as he went down the hallway and to his room.

That left me and Luke and the silent house. He maybe could have heard my heart beating from where he was.

I swallowed. "I should get to bed. Goodnight." I was about to head to my room when I felt his hand on my wrist, putting me at a halt.

I gasped and spun around to face him, seeing that look in his eyes. The need.

"More?"

My lips moved wordlessly before the words finally came. "Luke, we're home. We can't…"

"I think we can, if you really want to."

He had no idea how much I really wanted to, but my parents were on the other side of this house, and Connor was down the hall. But I'd never felt anything like this and wanted to explore more of it, no matter how risky.

"Ten minutes?" I asked, and his gaze darkened, a smile curling his lips.

"I'll work with that."

With that, he pulled me inside my room and closed the door behind us. I gasped when he slammed me against the closed door and captured my mouth with his. A moan escaped my lips as he kissed me, guiding our every movement while the heat resurfaced between my legs. Luke held me at my hip, his hand gently sliding up until I felt his heated fingers against my skin. Fire engulfed my body, the tips of his fingers seemingly laced with fire.

I circled his neck with my hands and trapped him in place while he pressed himself against me and kissed me hungrily, awakening every single nerve in my body. I was desperate to have his hands all over me – to have him touch the places that ached the most.

His grip tightened around my waist as he pulled me from the bed. My chest heaved with my heavy intakes of breath as he led us to the bed. I didn't have any experience at all, but I had a pretty good idea of what that meant. I didn't want to stop him; every bit of logic I should have felt was decimated by how glorious my body felt against his.

I fell to my back, our kiss breaking while Luke hovered over me, his eyes dark and primal as he assessed every inch of my body before dipping his head again and familiarizing himself with the taste of my lips. I moaned at the sweet feathery feel of his lips and the emotions that toiled through me as he continued to caress me.

His hands slid up my sweater, pausing below my breasts. He broke the kiss to look at me, his eyes holding question. I nodded, giving him the go-ahead to caress my aching breasts. As soon as his large hand covered my swollen flesh, I moaned, a surge of desire bolting through me. He anchored his lips to mine again and kissed me with passion while his hand gently squeezed my breast, his thumb tracing over my sensitive nipples. I moaned against his mouth and slightly shifted my body, brushing my crotch against his knee. I gasped, breaking the kiss momentarily in an effort to catch my breath.

"You're so responsive," Luke said, rolling my nipples between his fingers. I closed my eyes and abandoned myself to the feeling that stirred my entire body. "So soft," he continued saying before he kissed my cheeks, dragged his lips against mine and then kissed me again.

"Tell me when you want me to stop," he said, and I nodded.

He dragged his hand from my breast and down to the waistband of my leggings. I gasped seeing where things were heading, which increased the heat in the room by a hundred percent. As he slipped his hand further, I held his hand, stopping him before he had the chance to go further.

He broke the kiss to look at me. “Everything okay?” he asked, a bit of concern marring his features.

I bit my lips. “Too soon?”

He nodded. “Of course. We move at your pace, right?”

I nodded. “Right.”

He kissed me, and we continued to kiss until I started to regret not letting him touch me. The more time passed, the more my desires increased to a crippling degree. Luke shifted position, and I stiffened slightly when I felt his hardness against my leg. My core flooded with even more arousal, knowing he wanted me just as much as I wanted him. His actions became hastier, his kisses almost sloppy as he sought out every inch of my mouth. I reveled in every second, loving the way my body called repeatedly for him. Luke broke the kiss yet again and pulled my sweater up. I gasped when my breasts were exposed to his gaze and without further hesitance, he dipped his head and covered one with his mouth. Heat flooded my body when his wet mouth met my needy flesh. Luke sucked on it, and I tightly closed my eyes and bit down harshly on my lips in an effort to prevent the moans from escaping my lips.

I gripped onto the covers, unable to ignore the pulsating flesh between my legs that begged to be touched. It was like a punishment for denying him earlier, and now it felt like agony. Luke suckled on my breast, switching from one to the other, his hand replacing his mouth as he switched between the two. I felt like I would burst into a billion pieces as he carefully caressed each mound in his mouth. When his teeth grazed over my hard, sensitive nipples, I couldn’t help the cry from tearing from my lips.

The pleasure that crashed into me was beyond what words could describe. I clamped my legs together, baring my teeth as satisfaction roamed through every inch of my body. My body convulsed as Luke continue to suck and lick around my flesh, not losing focus despite my orgasm.

It felt like I was on a cloud of bliss and couldn’t help the giggle that erupted from me as soon as I came down from my high. There was no better feeling. I’d never felt this much pleasure before – not even from reading a book.

I licked my lips and finally managed to open my eyes. Luke peeled his mouth from my flesh and smiled down at me. I was smiling hard, unable to stop myself, even if it made me look like an idiot.

“That was amazing,” I was first to stay.

He grinned. “I can see that.”

“Thank you.”

He kissed me gently on the lips. “I should get going,” he said as he got up. “But this is far from over, Rachel.”

I nodded, feeling the stinging in my cheeks. I believed him, and I also looked forward for more to come. I watched as he slipped from my room and closed the door behind him. I sighed heavily, flopping down on the bed and moaning into my hands.

The only reason I’d stopped him from going further earlier was because I wasn’t shaved and hadn’t done so in a couple days. I didn’t want Luke to think I was that much of a prude. Next time, I knew I had to be prepared.

I giggled again, using a pillow to cover my face as I reflected on what had happened. My body still buzzed with pleasure, and I knew that as long as Luke was here, that would be the case.

I wanted him, and now that I had a taste, my body wanted the full course.

Chapter 5

Luke

Mrs. Smith served breakfast, which was French toast glazed over with syrup and berries. It looked like something out of a cooking show, and I had no doubt it was just as good. Connor had always bragged about looking forward to coming home to experience his stepmom's cooking. I hadn't thought much of it until I came here and had the privilege to experience it, too.

But as delicious as the breakfast looked, there was something I looked forward to more. Seeing Rachel. After last night, I didn't want to take my eyes off her. I wanted to wallow in her beauty and take my time to taste her as I had done the previous night. I knew coming to Miami would be great, but I didn't know it'd be this good.

Rachel had caught my attention from the very first time I saw her. There was just something refreshing about her presence that drew me to her. Plus, she had that classic type of beauty with big, blue eyes and dark brown hair that curled in waves down her shoulders. Her skin was flawless, soft to the eyes as it had been to touch.

Her meekness was also another factor that left me restless from the very first night. I could sense her innocence from a mile away and didn't want to take advantage of that, but I also wanted to fuck her brains out if given the chance. I could ruin her with a single thrust, but if it got my name on her lush lips, then I wouldn't mind one bit.

I hadn't felt the desire to be with a woman as I felt with Rachel. She was so pure, beautiful. How could I even stop myself?

"Don't have much of an appetite today, Luke?" my head snapped up to Mrs. Smith, who sat at the far end of the table, a forkful of toast pausing mid-air to her mouth.

I quickly cleared my throat. "Yeah, sorry… I was just distracted," I smiled before using a fork to cut into my meal.

Connor didn't manage to look up as he ate. I looked around the table and wanted to ask where Rachel was, but just then, she entered the room, her warm, expensive scent floating through the space.

"Good morning,' she said softly as she entered. I watched her, taking note of her flowy, summer skirt that skimmed her ankles and her blouse, which clung to her body. My gaze lingered on her chest,

and I realized, much to my disappointment that she wore a bra this time around. It brought me back to last night and how she had laid on her bed while I used my tongue to pleasure her perfectly round and pert breasts until she came. I could still hear her soft whimpers, her moans – how she'd cried when she came. Nothing would make me forget that, or the fact that I'd spent the rest of the night thinking about her and jerking off to the memory of her.

Now that she was right here, I still couldn't stop my thoughts of how much I wanted to take her at every angle. My trapped erection straining so hard against my pants it felt almost as if it was in a roaring rage to be released. I quickly tore my gaze away after mumbling my pleasantries.

She came to sit beside me, helping herself to a plate. Since I couldn't downright stare at her in the company of others, I took opportunity of what I could look at, which were her fingers moving around. She wore a small plain ring on her middle finger, her slender pale fingers at work. I clenched my teeth, never once thinking I'd be attracted to fingers, but here I was. I knew they'd look great wrapped around my cock.

"So, Bug, we're heading to the beach in a few. Wanna come?" Connor asked, and I straightened in my chair, eager for an answer for her.

I looked at her then, watching as her lips opened and closed. I could tell she was unsure with the way she glanced at her mom. Her cheeks darkened a shade as she sat there pondering. My eyes were fastened to her lips. Full, pink, plus… as succulent as they looked. I wanted to taste them again – heck, if it weren't for Connor and Mrs. Smith, I might have.

She glanced at me, and our gazes met for a millisecond before she cleared her throat. "Maybe."

"I don't have a problem with the beach," Mrs. Smith put in. "Plus, it's not late at night."

"What says you, Bug?" Connor insisted.

"I guess I could tag along."

I glanced at Mrs. Smith, waiting for her to say something, but she smiled instead. "You guys just be careful, please."

"Of course we'll be," Connor reassured.

After some minutes, Mrs. Smith got up to take a call, leaving us three at the table. Connor took a sip of his orange juice before he turned his gaze to Rachel.

“So, we aren’t going to a fucking beach,” he scoffed. “A friend of mine owns a hotel in town, and he’s having a huge pool party there. That’s where the fun will be,” he grinned.

“So why did you lie?” Rachel asked.

“I don’t know about you, Bug, but I prefer not to hear a hundred and one reasons of why this would be a bad idea. Everyone’s at the beach at this time – there’s no fucking fun in that,” he scoffed.

“So, what’s the difference between the beach and a pool party?” she asked.

“Unlimited free booze!” he exclaimed.

Rachel visibly swallowed. “I don’t know about that.”

Connor sighed heavily. “There’s a fucking storm coming soon. For all we know, we might not get to have any fun for a few weeks. Do you really want to be trapped in this house for eternity?”

I watched Rachel, noticing how her face suddenly paled at what Connor said. My brows furrowed in curiosity, wondering what was wrong.”

“It’s still up to you at the end of the day, Rachel,” I said. She looked at me, her eyes searching my face, her gaze lingering at my lips before she tore her gaze away.

“I’ll come, but you have to explain to me why you’re being nice to me all of a sudden… Ever since you got back.” Her gaze was directed at Connor whose eyes widened.

“Aren’t I always nice to you?” he defended.

“No, but you’ve been different ever since you got back.”

I snorted a laugh, confused. “So, wait, Connor wasn’t always nice to you?” I queried.

“Have you heard my nickname?” she asked.

I chuckled.

Connor raised his hands in surrender. “It’s harmless!”

Rachel rolled her eyes. “Anyway, when are you guys planning on leaving?”

Connor glanced at his phone on the table. “In about an hour or so.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

She got up and headed to the kitchen. I got up, too, to place my

empty plates in the sink. As I entered the kitchen, she was coming out, her cheeks getting flustered when she saw me. I intentionally walked in her direction, my hand brushing against hers as she walked by. That alone was able to awaken the desire I had in me for her.

I went to my room, checked my phone and sighed heavily when I saw a missed call there. My fingers lingered over the dialer as I contemplated on sending out the call. My gaze shifted to my luggage in the corner of the room, and I gritted my teeth, instead, throwing the phone to the side, angry.

Chapter 6

Rachel

Two hours later, we were on our way to the pool party Connor spoke of. I still had this anxious feeling in my gut that stemmed from being in public surrounded by a large number of people, but Luke would be there, and after last night, I'd welcome every chance I got to see him.

I was in the back as Connor drove, bobbing his head to the hip hop music he blasted and mumbling what little lyrics he knew from the song. I glanced in the rearview mirror and met Luke's gaze for the first time, a chill running down my spine. There was just something about the look he gave me – his daring green eyes – that always seemed to put me on edge. I already felt hot and knew it wasn't from the summer sun ripe outside.

I still couldn't believe last night had happened, but looking at Luke, I knew he wasn't done with me, and I was happy with that since I didn't want him to be. There was a lot I'd discovered and a lot more I wanted to explore about my body and my feelings. It was like a whole new world, and I just couldn't deny myself of that. It was too good.

Connor turned the music down. "You're not gonna tell your mom about this are you, Bug?"

I frowned. "I'm not a complete geek you know," I defended, not wanting Luke to think I was a snitch for even a second.

Connor chuckled. "Good, because I only want you to have a good time. Explore life beyond the books, y'know."

"I get it."

"Just focus on having a good time and fuck everything else," he continued.

I swallowed, slightly flushed by his words. "Yeah."

We arrived at the hotel several minutes later. It was about four stories with palm trees planted around the perimeter, looking tropical and the perfect place to be in the summer. People already littered the surroundings, some in swimwear and some in casual clothes that barely covered their bodies. I immediately glanced down at my attire

and was happy I'd changed into shorts before coming here. The bikini beneath left me feeling a bit unsure, seeing it had been a while since I got into one around people. It was mostly at the house with just my mom. Today, it would be around a lot of people.

Connor and Luke hopped out, and I grabbed my beach bag and slung it over my shoulders, scraping the hair from my face that the wind rustled.

"This is it. Let's go!" Connor announced before he started walking on. As soon as we were at the entrance that led to the front desk, he met up with a man, and they shared smiles.

"Hey, man, I'm glad you made it," the other man said who was just as tall as Connor but shorter than Luke. He had a mullet and clear blue eyes that could be spotted from a mile.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world. This place is fucking awesome, man. Your old man really did you a big one."

The man chuckled. "I fucking know it, right. I still can't believe it sometimes," he exclaimed.

Connor slapped his shoulder before he turned to me and Luke. "Oh, this is my little sis, Rachel and my buddy, Luke. Guys, this is my old friend, Trevor."

His gaze quickly did a slow head to toe sweep of me before he stepped forward with his hand outstretched. "Nice to meet you," his bold blue eyes stuck on my face, a white smile on his face.

I smiled. "Likewise." His hold lingered on mine for longer than I wanted, but I didn't want to seem impolite and pull away.

"Luke." I saw Luke's hand moving in, his tone firm as he introduced himself to Trevor. It was only then did he let go of my hand.

"Nice to meet you, man. You know any friend of Connor's is a friend of mine," he said as they shook hands.

Luke didn't smile. He only firmly held his gaze as if sizing him up.

Trevor cleared his throat. "Anyway, let's get this party started!" He left to head to Connor's side, and Luke and I lagged behind.

He glanced down at me. "You okay?" He asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, I think so."

"Good."

I thought we'd go directly to the poolside wherever that was

and was surprised when Connor and Trevor stepped inside an elevator. We followed behind and was let off on the third floor where rooms were.

"You guys get yourselves comfortable for today. I'll see you down by the pool," Trevor said, staying behind in the elevator while we stepped out.

"Thanks, bud. I owe you one," Connor said.

Trevor only smiled and saluted before he left again.

"What's going on?" Luke asked. We followed behind Connor who moved towards a door and pushed it open.

"Just someplace to put our things or do whatever for the day," he said as he stood to the side to allow us entry. He glanced at me. "Don't worry, Bug, we aren't spending the night," he said.

It was good of him to reassure me since I needed it. This spurt of rebellion could only extend to a certain point after all.

"I might bring a few babes up here if given the chance, though, just so you know. What about you Luke?" he grinned.

My pulse quickened, and I felt my cheeks heat up. Luke cleared his throat. "I don't know about that," he mumbled.

Connor scoffed. "Please, you don't have to act decent in front of Rachel. You know you get more bodies than me."

My throat constricted. Not wanting to hear any more of it, I walked further into the room and threw my bag on a chair. The rooms were okay, with two queen beds, a sofa, a small desk and a chair. Everything was mostly white except for the splash of color on the abstract art above the bed. I walked towards the sliding doors and pulled them apart, taken aback by the strong gust of wind that welcomed me as I stepped out on the small balcony. I could hear the music from where I was, but this side didn't have a view of the pool area, and instead, the beach that was some distance away.

I closed my eyes and took a whiff of the sea breeze before I sighed.

"Let's go, Bug. Grab what you want if you don't plan on making trips back and forth. Maybe change into something more…" he trailed off as his gaze roamed my frame. "Beachy."

"Yeah, give me a sec," I said grabbing my bag and heading to the bathroom. I quickly pulled off my shorts and shirt, dressed now in only my swimsuit I had underneath.

I breathed a sigh and looked at myself in the huge wall mirror. I rubbed my shoulders and bit my lips before I dug into my beach bag again and pulled out a towel, wrapping it around my body.

Luke was the first one my gaze caught once I stepped outside. My breath hitched when I saw him standing there with just his trunks on, muscles on full display. I'd seen him in trunks before but never up this close. I realized he had a tattoo of a bird on his right pec that I'd never seen before. It looked to be an eagle, but I didn't want to be caught staring long enough to figure it out.

My cheeks flushed when I met his gaze and saw the small smile that lifted his sexy lips.

Despite me wearing a towel, he still had this hungry look in his eyes that made me warm all over when he looked at me. It made me feel things I'd never felt before and knew that as long as he was here, I couldn't escape it.

Connor walked between us and headed towards the door, in trunks as well. "Okay, let's go!"

**

I stopped in my tracks as soon as I saw what I was getting myself into. The place was packed, and everyone was in their swimwear, some screaming as they partied, some singing along to the music, some playing games in the humongous pool. On one end was a foam pit that had mostly couples and on the other side were those who wished to stay in just water.

Music blasted from a small tent with a DJ, and it felt like my heart was thrumming even more from its loudness. I swallowed hard, still trying to process what was going on or if I could even handle it.

"Now, this is what I'm talking about!" Connor exclaimed, clapping his hands together with a huge smile on his face. His eyes roamed the place, mainly focused on the girls who already started to walk by him with smiles on their faces. He bit his lips and without saying a word to us, followed behind them like an obedient little puppy.

"This is it," Luke said from beside me.

"Yeah."

"You know if this isn't your crowd, I totally get that. You don't have to pretend to like what's going on."

I turned then to look up at him. "My first thought would have

been to run, but I kinda want to experience this. How do I even know if I don't like it if I haven't given it a chance, right?"

He smiled then. "Exactly."

I lowered my gaze. "You don't have to stick by me, though. I wouldn't want to ruin your fun."

"Not possible."

I swallowed as I looked up at his handsome face yet again. "Plus, I don't want Connor to suspect anything. You hanging around would definitely be suspicious to him."

His brow slightly raised as he looked in Connor's direction. "Would that be such a bad thing?"

My brows furrowed. "What?"

"Us hanging out."

My heart lurched. "I – I don't want unnecessary questions or judgement. I barely know what's happening between us," I muttered softly.

"I want you, Rachel. I thought I'd made that clear," he said, voice a bit firmer.

My grip tightened on the towel wrapped around me, and heat pooled in my gut. "It's not enough to just 'want me' Luke. I'm not…" feeling overwhelmed, I trailed off to catch my breath. "It's more complicated than that."

"Is it? Because when I tasted you… touched you the other night, I knew we were on the same page."

My throat constricted. Christ, why was this conversation happening now?!

"Yo, Luke!" I almost jumped when I heard Connor's voice. "You coming or not?"

I looked in Connor's direction and realized he was in the pool, surrounded by three girls giving him seductive looks and their hands wandering. I swallowed as I turned to Luke.

"You should go. I think I need to clear my head anyway." I said.

His jaw flexed as he looked at me before he walked off. I sucked in a breath, watching him leave, suddenly wishing he'd stay by my side the entire time, but I couldn't risk it. As much as I felt attracted to Luke, it probably wouldn't remain just as an attraction.

I continued to watch as he stepped inside the pool, grabbing the

attention of a female who immediately went up to him and slid her hand around his neck. Luke smiled at her, and for the first time, I think I experienced what felt like heartbreak or maybe it was jealousy. Gritting my teeth, I turned and walked into the crowd, looking for a place to sit. Everywhere was full, but I saw a single seat at a bar and hastily claimed it.

The towel fell from my body as soon as I sat, and I left it. I didn't feel insecure, seeing that everyone was in skimpy swimwear and was minding their own business.

I looked to the bartender who had just served a short redhead female a drink.

"A mimosa, please," I ordered.

He nodded and went to serve it. I spun around in my chair as I waited, looking to the crowd of people and seeing how much fun they were having. A part of me wished I was so carefree to abandon myself to the fun, but I guess I didn't have it in me.

My eye caught Connor and Luke in the pool. They had drinks now and had attracted more females than when I'd seen them initially. I guess it was only natural, considering they were two good-looking men. My memory brought me back to what Connor had said about Luke being able to pick up more females than him. I didn't doubt that since Luke had enough charm in him to make anyone swoon. Plus, he was a handsome man with a body that was just as impressive. A flawless specimen of a man.

Who was I kidding anyway? I wasn't special. I was just another chase to him. As much as I'd wanted to think otherwise, I knew he didn't see me as special or different. He could have any woman here he wanted, and I bet he would. He didn't have to put up with my uncertainty when he would have a woman drop her panties for him in seconds.

The very thought grated at my heart because I knew Luke and Connor were the perfect examples of birds of a feather flocking together. They were womanizers — players. As innocent as I was, that fact was as clear as day.

However, that didn't make it hurt less. Luke was the first person I'd ever felt this sort of attraction towards, but I was certain I wasn't the first for him.

"Miss."

I turned, took my drink and thanked the bartender, then took a drink of my mimosa – the only thing my mom had been okay with me

drinking throughout my teen years since it had been filled with orange juice more than anything else. The tinge of alcohol that had been present had been faint.

As I took a sip of this one, however, I realized the champagne was much more overpowering but was still good. I took a long sip and smiled. If Mom could see me now.

I was on my second glass in no time, feeling freer than I'd been before. I was even bobbing my head to the music, which was definitely unlike me.

"Rachel?" I quickly swallowed when I heard my name. It was Trevor who had that familiar smile on his face as he looked at me, his gaze lowering to my chest.

I cleared my throat. "Oh, hey."

"You're enjoying yourself?"

I nodded. "Yeah."

He nodded, his gaze continuing to wander, which left me slightly uneasy. "You haven't gotten wet," he stated.

I looked towards the pool. "I don't think there's even space in there for another person."

He chuckled. "Place is packed, huh?"

"Definitely."

He continued to nod. "You look good by the way. Er, I meant to say it earlier, but with Connor there, you know how that is."

I reached to take another sip of my drink. "Thank you."

He rubbed the nape of his neck and took a step closer. "You guys can come by anytime. There's a party here every day, all summer," he grinned.

"Sounds fun, but I'm really not the party type. Connor and Luke, though, would be glad to hear."

He grinned. "I know. Connor's always been the life of the party."

I managed a tight smile.

"Let's go for a dip," he suggested.

I looked towards the pool, saw that Luke was still there surrounded by women, but there was no sign of Connor. My heart cracked a little seeing how engrossed Luke seemed to be in them. I doubt he even remembered who I was.

I turned to Trevor. “Sure.

There was nothing about Trevor I found attractive, but he was kind enough to have a conversation with me while I sat here alone. Plus, a part of me wanted to not feel as left out as I did.

Trevor grinned as he reached for my hand. I took it and hopped off the stool, walking beside him. We walked to the far end, which was less crowded but not far away from where Luke was.

He held my hand, looked at me, and then we both jumped in together. There wasn’t a thought in my mind. I just did it and was surprised to feel how it felt once I crashed into the water.

I went back up gasping for air, Trevor laughing as he used his hand to brush his hair back. I couldn’t help but laugh as well, surprised that it felt this good.

“How was that?” He asked, searching my face for the answers.

“Good,” I said. “Better than I thought.”

He chuckled. “Great; what’s a pool party without taking a dip in the pool, right?”

I shrugged. “Right.”

He signaled for a waitress who passed. “I’ll have a dry martini… how about you, Rachel?”

“A mimosa please,” I told the girl.

She nodded and went on her way.

I brought my gaze back to Trevor, who tried his best to get closer to me.

“So, how’s summer been going so far and how is it having Connor as a brother?” He grinned.

I smiled. “Where should I start?”

Chapter 7

Luke

This was my habitat. Having girls surround me, wanting to entertain them was always something I found incredibly entertaining. Sometimes, I'd tease them, turn on my charm and watch as they drooled over me, willing to do or say anything to get me in their panties. Usually, I wouldn't mind; in fact, it was my forte, and I'd gladly taken whatever they offered. I was a hot-blooded male in my prime after all and loved women to death.

Today seemed different, though. I was still capable of charming, but the desire to do it was no longer there. Not when I had my sights set on one woman who made me feel like no other woman mattered but her. Rachel.

Suddenly, she was the only one I wanted to charm, who I wanted to touch and who I wanted to have touching me. I didn't care how easy the sex came with the others, I wanted the difficulty that came with Rachel. I loved a challenge after all, and while she was more than just that, she was the only person who was constantly on my mind.

Fuck, I wanted to get out of this pool and go in search of her, but I knew she was right. Things were more complicated, and I didn't want Connor knowing anything just yet – if ever. This little private world that Rachel and I were in suited us, and I didn't want anyone in on it.

Regardless, even if I got the chance to have Rachel, it wouldn't be anything more than a fling. I was an outsider, I wasn't remotely as rich as her, and I was quite certain her family, including Connor, wouldn't want her to have anything to do with me.

We were from two different worlds. Hers consisted of ease, rainbows, flowers and everything nice, while mine was the complete opposite. And while I'd been able to dip my toe in her world for a moment, I knew it wouldn't last.

Yet that didn't stop me from wanting her more than I'd ever wanted anything before. But it was more than wanting her for just sex; I wanted to know more about the pretty, little princess that resided in her castle and knew no other world than the ones her books allowed.

“Everything okay, handsome?” A girl – Emma – asked as she slid her fingers along my jaw.

“Mmm,” I grunted, not anticipating the kiss she later placed on my lips. I broke away and met her brown gaze.

“We could get out of here. I have a room upstairs,” she whispered, her alcohol-stained breath fanning against my face.

Normally, I wouldn’t hesitate. Emma was hot, and she had a killer body, but her type was as predictable as they came. It was almost as if you could guess their next move and what fun was there in that? Connor hadn’t seemed to mind, though. He’d already fallen to their charms and had gone to make use of the room Trevor had given us.

I was about to reply when my eye caught someone moving in the distance. I slid to the side, wanting Emma out of my line of vision as I looked ahead. My heart lurched when I realized it was Rachel. It was her.

She was in her two-piece swimsuit, her pristine porcelain skin on full display while her brown hair swayed behind her. My throat constricted, and my jaw clenched when I realized she was with someone – Trevor. They held hands, and both had smiles on their faces as they headed towards the other end of the pool.

Fire blazed hotly through my veins, and my teeth were clenched so tight I feared they’d break. They stood at the edge, Rachel fully facing in my direction now with every inch of her curves on display, her breasts snugged in her top, almost spilling out the front.

Trevor looked like a kid in a candy shop, with his fucking toothy smile that looked too fucking fake to even be real. They jumped in, and I reached for my glass that had been sitting on the edge. I emptied the cup in a single gulp and frowned, watching the scene play out.

“Everything okay, Luke?” Emma asked.

“Fine,” I mumbled, my eyes not leaving Rachel. She was laughing. She looked happy, and Trevor was trying his fucking hardest to get closer to her. She allowed it, though. He was right up against her, and my blood boiled even more hotly.

She was mine.

My gaze narrowed in on him sliding his hand around the small of her waist. Her body visibly stiffened, but she didn’t shake him off. She allowed it.

My nose flared as I watched, but who was I kidding? Rachel was rich as shit; her family was loaded. Trevor was their type – a man who could match up to their wealth and status. They were the type to get married, have two kids – preferably a girl and a boy, own a house by the beach, fucking travel the world.

I hissed, knowing I was only making myself angrier, but I couldn't stop myself. I knew I should leave them be, but the longer Trevor continued to touch her, the more I knew I couldn't just fucking sit and watch.

I stormed out of the pool and walked around the other end where they were. They were still fucking laughing when I stood before them, and I swore I'd burst into a million pieces.

"Take your hands off her," I exclaimed, taking them by surprise. Rachel gasped when she saw me, and Trevor frowned.

"What the fuck?" He said, but he must have seen the look on my face because he did as I asked.

"What are you doing?" She hissed.

"Get out of the pool right now, Rachel," I instructed firmly.

"Wait a second. She doesn't have to do anything, man. What's gotten into you?"

I ignored him, my gaze still planted on Rachel, who looked flustered and angry all at once. "Now," I emphasized.

She pouted, a deep frown on her face. "No."

I raised a brow. "I'll gladly pick you up and take you out myself," I said.

Trevor scoffed. "You've gotta be shitting me!" Once again, I ignored him, not taking my eyes off Rachel.

Her lips quivered, and without a word said to Trevor, she climbed out and stormed off in front of me. Still angry, I ran after her.

"What was that about, huh?"

She stopped in her tracks and turned to face me. "Who the hell do you think you are pulling a stunt like that?"

"How could you have him touch you like that?" I demanded, my voice a tad bit loud. I didn't care that people might have been staring.

She scoffed, the look in her eyes one of pure disbelief. "I can do whatever I want!"

She walked off again, and I huffed out a breath, still fuming while I chased her. Once we were out of the crowd, I reached for her hand and brought her to a stop.

"Were you trying to make me jealous, huh?" I hissed. "Because you did a fucking great job."

She tugged her hand away from me. "I wasn't trying to do anything, and what makes you think you could just claim me like that? I'm not yours to boss around!"

I grabbed her again. This time, by the waist, and pulled her to me. She crashed against my chest in an oomph, her breathing ragged as she looked up at me. Our eyes searched each other. With her body against mine like this, I couldn't think straight. My gaze fell to her lips, which were full and moist. If Trevor ever kissed them, I'd kill him on spot. They were mine; she was mine, and I planned on making her know just how much.

I crashed my lips to hers in a hungry kiss, tasting all the emotions that spurred within her. She moaned against me but was still receptive as I kissed her hungrily, wanting so much to taste every inch of her. As the erection in my pants began to swell, Rachel broke the kiss and took a step back. Her eyes watered with tears, and for a second, I wanted to kick myself, my resolve softening.

"I want to go home," she bit out firmly before she strutted off towards the building.

I raked my fingers through my wet hair and muttered a curse. What the fuck had gotten into me??

I'd never acted like this before. With a huff, I walked behind her, knowing she was probably going to Connor's.

She was already gone when I stepped into an empty elevator, and once I was on the room floor, I saw Rachel coming back, a pout still on her face, her bag slung over her shoulder.

She threw me the keys, and I quickly caught them before they fell. "Connor is busy… he said you should bring me home and then come back." Her words were firm, I knew she was still angry.

I let her cool off on the way down, still not saying a word even as we got into the car.

I started the engine and turned towards her, feeling a lot calmer than I had been ten minutes ago. And seeing Rachel like this wasn't something I was pleased with, especially since I was the reason.

"I'm sorry."

She crossed her arms. “You don’t have to talk to me, all you have to do is drive.”

My brow shot up. There was obviously some venom in her words. I looked at her and realized she wasn’t going to meet my gaze anytime soon. Perhaps she needed some more time to cool down. I’ll honor that.

I started the car and drove off, buried in the silent awkwardness of the vehicle the entire time. Rachel was like a fuse waiting to be lit, and I didn’t want to trigger her more than I already did.

Once we arrived at her mansion, she shoved the door open and stepped outside. I flung the car door open and followed behind her as she stormed inside.

“Rachel, I’m sorry,” I said once again, standing still and sighing heavily as she moved towards the stairs. She stopped and turned to look at me, a frown still on her face, her eyes still glossy.

“I don’t know what came over me. I just couldn’t bear to look at another man touching you,” I said, lowering my gaze in disappointment.

She visibly swallowed. “We’re not together,” she said in a low voice. “Your actions today were uncalled for.”

I nodded. “I know, but you’ve got to understand that I’ve never felt this way before towards a woman.”

Her frown deepened. “What’s that supposed to mean? Should I be flattered?” She scoffed. “Let’s not pretend you care about me when we both know all you want is sex.”

“That’s not true,” I fired back.

“Isn’t it?” She jabbed. “You were fine today being surrounded by all those girls, but as soon as I brushed against someone, you have a problem?”

“Me wanting you is no secret, Rachel,” I clarified.

She lifted her chin. “What exactly do you want because I cannot be the typical female you usually go for? I don’t want a one-night-stand. I don’t want to just give my body to someone and move on the next day.” Her voice was filled with emotions, her face slightly red.

I moved towards her, standing down a staircase, so I met her gaze.

“I can’t promise you anything but a good time,” I confessed, and that was the truth. Rachel deserved all the things in the world that I

didn't have. It would be unfair to her for me to state otherwise.

Her lips parted to speak. They moved, but no words came out. I figured she was taken aback by my response and slightly flushed by it. Still, she didn't completely reject it, nor did she approve.

Her eyes intensely watching my lips told me what I needed to know. She wanted to kiss me, and I was happy for that as I wanted to kiss her, too. Yet, I didn't make a move. I wanted her to make it. It was her call, and if this wasn't what she wanted, I'd gladly accept that, but I wasn't going to move until she walked away.

Her face moved closer to mine, and I parted my lips in invitation while she slowly moved towards me. Soon, I could feel her warm breath fanning against my face and felt the nerves in my body being caught ablaze. She pressed her lips to mine in a delicate kiss, her lips soft against mine – supple. Then she pulled apart, and my brain went haywire. It was like getting a tease of something and then not having it again in the next second.

Our gazes held, her eyes like a pot of molten honey as they stared into my soul. My gaze searched hers and likewise, before she pressed her lips to mine again, this time more desperately than before. I sucked in a breath as I slipped my tongue inside her warm, sweet mouth and tasted her. My hands snuck up to her face, softly cradling the side of her cheek. I brushed her slightly damp hair to the side and cupped her jaw a bit firmer, pulling her in, deepening the kiss. Her small moan set me ablaze, her slender arms wrapping around my neck as we kissed.

Her skin was like butter, and she smelled like fresh air and vanilla. I wanted everything, so I kissed her deeply and fervently, enjoying the way she slowly submitted to me. Soon, her body was pressed against mine; I could feel her warmth radiate through her damp clothes and feel her soft breasts pressed against my chest.

My erection stirred again, my other hand circling her small waist as I pulled her closer to me. She pulled apart and gasped, her big, brown eyes wide as she searched my face, her lips raw from my kisses.

She held my hand and turned, leading the way up the rest of stairs before pausing at her bedroom.

"Are you sure?" I asked her because as much as I wanted this, I wanted to make sure that Rachel wanted this just as much, too.

She nodded. "We promised each other more," she pointed out, and I smiled, watching as she pushed the door open and stepped inside.

“I guess a good time isn’t a bad thing?”

I smiled.

Chapter 8

Rachel

This man was telling me exactly what I didn't want to hear and yet I was choosing to ignore it. I didn't want just a fling; I wanted a relationship and had made that somewhat clear. Luke, however, had said he couldn't promise me that and could only promise me a good time.

A response like that should have had me running towards the hills in an effort to protect my heart and my virtue, but I had stayed planted in that spot, mulling over what he'd said and thinking maybe a good time wasn't such a bad thing.

What was wrong with me? In a matter of days, this man had managed to enter my life and completely disrupted it, and I hadn't even batted a lash. He had shown me how toxic he was less than an hour ago, and yet here I was, still wanting him. If anything, I wanted him more because as much as I didn't like to admit, that possessiveness he'd shown at the pool had angered me, but I was also intrigued by it.

Whatever his motive, to have someone like Luke exhibit such dominance towards me was heart stopping. I didn't know who I was becoming with Luke, but I felt completely different in his presence. It was like a part of me went to hide when he was around, and the other side reared its head.

I told myself I should still be angry. That I should give him another piece of my mind and head to my room… with the door closed. But having him look at me like that didn't do me any good. I realized as much as my head said one thing, my body was on a whole different playing field. I was hot for him, I was aroused, and more than everything, I was ready.

So, when he stood in-front of me smelling and looking all man, I couldn't help myself. Especially since we were alone in this huge house. It left open a door of possibilities, and I didn't want to lose my chance before exploring it a tad bit more.

I kissed him because I couldn't stand not to. I couldn't watch him leave and not have his body against mine again — not when I'd been heated for about an hour now. Anger was no longer the dominant emotion or the cause of such heat, but my desire for Luke

was more threatening.

The longer I kissed him, the more I wanted him. And I definitely wanted him. If nothing but to explore these haunting desires.

Once we stepped inside the room, we kissed again, and my body melted into him, liquid heat pooling at my center, leaving me needier. My hands traveled awkwardly around the nape of his neck as we kissed, and he held me firmly against him.

I backed up towards the bed, our bodies coming to a halt when I met up with the furniture. Luke pushed me to the mattress with a gentle shove, and I gasped as I laid there, staring up at him as his Godly body hovered over me, his hair spiky– half dried.

I did nothing because I didn't know the first thing to do. I was panting hard with my arousal like fire through my veins. Luke lowered himself and kissed me once again, this time taking his time and using his lips to guide mine, gently caressing my tongue with his and then sucking on my lips. His kisses would have been enough for me if they lasted long enough. I was completely wet by them and knew I'd maybe cum just by having them.

Luke's hand crept up beneath my shirt, and he cupped my breast through my bikini top while he continued to kiss me. I moaned deeply against his lips, somehow managing to have him deepen the kiss.

He caressed each breast in his large hands, squeezing gently before impatience had him tugging at the straps, wanting to get them off. I moaned against his mouth and quickly broke the kiss to pull my shirt over my head and pull the loop from my bra. Luke tugged at the strings, and soon, my breasts fell in a gentle bob, my nipples tight and hard against them.

He muttered a curse, rested me back down on the bed and immediately went to suckle on them. I closed my eyes, my fingers raking through his hair as he sucked on my mounds. I moaned and spread my legs further apart, feeling as if I needed something there as well.

I bit my lips as Luke sucked on me and reached for his free hand, directing it down my pants. He pulled away from my tits to meet my gaze, question in his eyes.

"Sure about this kitten?" He asked, his voice rich and husky.

I nodded as I fumbled with my buttons and then reached for his hand again once I was done. I gasped when Luke bounded from the bed and pulled my shorts along with my panties from my body. Heat

consumed my entire body as I watched him watch me, that primal look in his eyes again.

As my gaze lowered to his midsection, I also realized he had a boner, which was quite obvious through his trunks. I swallowed, not saying a word while he continued to observe my body.

“Would you believe me if I said you’re perfect?” He asked as he lowered himself, just now inches from my face.

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “Maybe.”

He smiled. “You are.”

I believed him. I didn’t know why, considering Luke was a player, but I did. He made me feel beautiful.

“Take my hand again and lead it to wherever you want,” he continued.

I bit my lips, my chest rising and falling heavily as I took his hand. He kissed me, and I closed my eyes at the pleasure while I blindly led his hand towards my opened leg.

When his fingers grazed my quim, I sucked in a breath and shivered. He broke the kiss to look at me.

“You’re trembling,” he said, his voice soft and calming. “I’ll take care of you.”

I managed a nod as I pressed his hand to my sacred flesh before releasing it. I allowed him to do the rest, his hand lingering there for seconds until he dragged his finger up my slit. I shivered as a wave of pleasure crashed into me.

He smiled and propped himself up on his elbow, looking down at me with tendrils of his hair falling to his face. He kissed along my cheeks, my nose, down my neck and between my breasts.

His finger continued to move dangerously slow between my legs, circling my clit and then my folds, slightly teasing my entrance.

“Relax and allow me to do all the work,” he said in between feathery kisses along my skin.

I obeyed him and closed my eyes, abandoning myself to the pleasure I felt. There was none like it; it was otherworldly, and I didn’t want it to end.

When Luke dipped his finger inside me, I moaned, thrashing my head to the side, allowing myself to feel everything. His tongue circled my nipple while he worked my center, his wet, warm tongue making rounds on my pebbled nipples. The more he teased them, the wetter I

became for his fingers. When he inserted his finger again, he grunted.

"So, sooo wet, Kitten," he said as he lapped my breasts into his mouth before covering it completely and sucking hard. Meanwhile, he inserted a finger inside me, and I could feel as my flesh stretched to accommodate him. Yet not too much because I was already so wet for him. He slipped that finger inside me, and it went in easier than I thought.

He thrusted it back and forth before he pulled it out, rubbed my clit, getting everywhere wet. I bit down on my lips, moaning hard when he added another of his long, thick fingers. He sucked me and simultaneously entered me with his digits. This time, there was a bit more resistance as my flesh stretched to fit him.

I'd never had anything inside me and despite the romance novels I'd read, I'd never felt tempted to touch myself. Now a man was touching me, and it felt foreign in the best possible way. His fingers felt good inside me, and as they grazed along my walls, going as far as my virginity could allow, I felt pleasure like no other. His fingers were drenched; I could hear the squelching sounds as they worked inside me, stretching me to the limit, preparing me to later take his length. I quivered under his touches, spreading my legs as far as possible as I urged Luke further. His fingers moved back and forth inside me, thrusting slowly, building that momentum, which would later make me explode.

"How does it feel, Kitten?"

I moaned, my eyes fluttering open. "Too good."

"Tell me you want my cock inside you," he said, and I gasped, my walls tightening around his fingers, sending a bolt of pleasure through me.

"Luke…"

"Say the words," he insisted.

I swallowed. "I want you inside me." It couldn't be truer.

He smiled a charming smile. "Say the word cock, Kitten. It is what it is – what you'll get."

I blushed hard. "I … I want your cock inside me." He slipped his fingers further, and I sucked in a breath as the pleasure became more threatening.

"That's how you'll say it from now on. That's how you'll beg for it," he said under his breath while his pace increased inside me.

The breath hitched in my throat. I couldn't find the words even

if I wanted to. My mouth was agape, and I was staring right in his face as he pleasured me with his fingers. His fingers moved more freely, more firmly as it bucked back and forth inside me. I attempted to spread my legs further, but they couldn't open any wider.

I felt the rush, I felt the heat that consumed my body more and more, and I felt the sensation rising in my body.

"Don't stop," I told Luke as he continued to work my aching flesh. I reached for his face and cupped his jaw with one hand, staring up at him while he moved.

Just when I thought I'd burst into a billion pieces, he curled his fingers inside me, and I screamed, my back arching, my body shaking. My eyes rolled over in the back of my head, and for a second, I thought I'd have a heart attack with the way my heart was beating. Luke held me, and I clung to him, cumming around his fingers and feeling the rush of liquid in my core.

When I came down from my high, Luke slipped his fingers out and rubbed my flesh before he smiled. I was still panting heavily, my mind shattered as I tried to process what had happened.

I couldn't move or think straight. My body was still doing so much, buzzing from the aftermath of my orgasm. I licked my seemingly parched lips and smiled at Luke who didn't take his eyes off me for even a second.

He dipped his head and placed a sensual kiss on my lips before he said, "How do you feel?"

I parted my lips to answer, but then the shrilling of his cellphone, put me at a halt. I eased up from the bed, feeling like that moment was the one that brought back all the logic I'd possessed before now. My heart slammed furiously in my chest, and I quickly got up in search of my clothes.

Luke glanced at me before he cleared his throat and went to the far corner of the room.

"Hey, man." He scratched his head as he spoke to whoever it was on the other end. "Yeah, I'll be there in a few. Yeah, sure." The call ended, and he stuffed his phone back in his pocket before turning to me.

"That was Connor. He's wondering what's taking me so long."

I nodded; my cheeks hot as I tried to get into something. "Yeah, you should go."

He didn't seem to be in any hurry. In fact, he seemed as cool as

a cucumber as he walked towards me. As he got close to me, I stood up, staring up at his green eyes that stared down at me.

"We're good, right?" He asked as he cupped my face with his hands.

I swallowed. "Yeah."

With that, he smiled. "Good. Are you sure you don't want to come back to the hotel?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. I don't think I could even look at Trevor again."

His jaw flexed at the mention of Trevor's name. "You'll forgive me for that?"

I couldn't help my smile. "I already have."

He grinned and kissed me softly. I closed my eyes, a melting pot in his hands as his soft lips caressed mine – almost like a balm. When he broke the kiss, my eyes were still closed.

"We'll pick up where we left off some other time?" He asked.

I nodded. "Definitely."

He had that smug look on his face as he smiled. His thumb traced my bottom lip before he took a step back and moved towards the door.

"I'll see you later, Kitten."

I bit my lips at the endearing nickname he gave me. Just for us, and I couldn't be happier. At least it was way better than Bug.

Chapter 9

Rachel

Rain fell that following night. I laid in bed, wishing my situation was different and I was in a world where it was just Luke and me. He'd come to my room whenever he wanted, and we'd lay cuddled up, pressed against each other while we talked and while the rain crashed on the roof.

I hated that we had to hide what we were doing, but I knew for sure the entire household wouldn't approve. I guess everything couldn't be perfect.

With a sigh, I tossed a book I'd been reading to the side and turned off the bedside lights. The rain was heavy outside, and I wanted a distraction from it, not a reminder that a storm would be here in a few days, wreaking havoc.

Luke came to mind once again. He and Connor hadn't come home all day, and I wondered where they were. I wanted to pick up the phone to call Connor – since I didn't have Luke's number – and ask him what was going on, but I'd never done that before and didn't want to start now.

Where could they possibly be in the rain? Plus, it was almost midnight. I sighed, not wanting to think too much on it. I couldn't stand the thought of Luke being surrounded by girls like he'd been earlier. I couldn't stand the thought of him kissing someone else the way he'd kissed me.

Though we were nothing, I didn't want to share him. The thought alone was sickening, but I knew the type of man Luke was. He couldn't promise anything concrete, but he could promise a good time. I supposed that was his motto and possibly one he'd used on many other girls.

I swallowed the painful lump in my throat, trying my best not to think of the negative things. Instead, I reached for my phone and searched up ways I could please him just as he'd pleased me.

I went on an X-rated site, my cheeks stinging as soon as a variety of content popped up on the screen. My body was already hot without clicking on a single video, but I knew specifically what I wanted, so I searched for it.

I became more flustered by the results, suddenly confused by which to pick. There was one with a thumbnail of a girl and a guy. He was standing, completely naked, his huge manhood erect, resting on a girl's tongue. She was on her knees in front of him, looking up at him with her big brown eyes. She was naked, too.

I bit down on my lip as I clicked on the video and adjusted my earphones in my ear. The video started, getting to the point right away. They were already naked, and the man's penis was already erect, but the girl walked to him like a feline, every bit of her movements seductive and erotic. They kissed, she trailed her hands along his naked body and then she dropped to her knees.

The heat grew tenfold under the blanket I had thrown across me, and I was almost desperate to have it off me, but I didn't want to move an inch, in fear of missing something. My eyes remained peered on the screen, small gasps escaping my mouth as she took his beefy member inside her mouth. The man's grunts echoed in my ears, her moans as she sucked him with gusto, taking in every inch of him.

I couldn't believe that she managed to make all of him fit inside her mouth. She did it so skillfully that I wondered if I'd ever get to that point. Yes, these people were professionals and darn good at what they were doing, but if I could do just a quarter of what she was capable of, then I would be proud of myself.

Her saliva lubricated his manhood once he pulled out, and he sucked in a breath as he slapped his drenched length against her face. She moaned softly, sticking her tongue out, and she tried to get in contact with his girth again.

I felt the juices sluicing between my legs and on my panties. I knew I was wet, and the desire was almost overwhelming. I wanted to touch myself as I watched but knew Luke had been the only person to touch there, and part of me wanted to continue with that being the case. In the back of my mind, I knew it was his as much as it was mine. And I had no doubt he'd feel a lot better and would do a better job than I would.

When the guy started to thrust in and out of her small mouth, the temperature in the room almost became unbearable. My ragged breathing sounded in the room and unable to help myself, I crossed my legs and squeezed them together. I hadn't anticipated the pleasure that coursed through me, but I found myself wanting more.

As the man on screen continued to plunge inside the girl's mouth, creating a raucous sound as he lunged inside her throat, I squeezed my legs tighter and squealed as the pleasure increased.

I watched, beads of sweat on my forehead, my eyes peeled to the screen as he moved inside her mouth. He held the back of her head and thrusted in the back of her throat before he grunted and bucked, muttering a few curses. His buttocks flexed as he came, filling her tiny mouth with his seed.

My own orgasm crashed into me then, and I slapped a free hand over my mouth to prevent myself from screaming out loud. My body quivered and my back arched from the bed as I came. I panted heavily as soon as the fogged cleared from my head and the sensations faded from my body.

I stared at the ceiling, in disbelief of and wondering how it had taken me so long to discover such pleasures. While Luke I felt was the right man and the right timing, I'd wished I'd discovered these new things about my body beforehand. I wished I'd watched more of this stuff to relieve some of the tension I'd felt with school and family.

I felt free. There was no greater way to describe it, but orgasms made me feel like a huge weight had been lifted off my shoulder, which was a huge reward for someone like me.

I giggled. I pushed my phone to the side and rolled out of the covers, still trying to get my grasp on my new reality. It was fun. So fun and the greatest part was, I always felt like I needed more right after – no matter how satisfying. I knew Luke was the man to give me that, and after today, nothing would stand in the way.

**

I heard Connor's car several minutes later and glanced at the time. It was twelve thirty. My pulse quickened; a part of me wanted to go see what was happening, but I remained in bed, still not recovered from my small porn session. I heard their giggles coming up the stairs and knew they had girls there. My eyes instantly filled with tears when I thought about Luke being the one to have them here. It couldn't be, but I recognized more than one female voice and knew there was a possibility.

I also heard when he closed his room door and shortly after the noises disappeared. My lips quivered, and I gasped when I felt the tears running down my cheeks.

I sniffled, angrily brushing them from my face. I knew it was pointless to cry about things like this when I knew the type of person he was.

I wasn't anything special, which was becoming more evident.

**

I stayed in later than usual that following morning because I didn't want to bump into Luke or any of his female friends on my way downstairs or anywhere at all. At one point, I heard Connor's car start, and half an hour later, I deemed it safe to come out. They probably went on the road anyway, to pick up more babes and have the time of their lives. I tried to ignore the pain thinking of such things brought me, but I couldn't. It hurt.

After freshening up in the adjoining bathroom, I got dressed and opened my room door to head downstairs. I'd thought the coast would be clear, but as soon as I pulled up my door behind me, Luke's door opened, and he made an appearance.

I gasped, my heart suddenly galloping, my face on fire as I stared at him, standing there in a fresh t-shirt and sweats. When he saw me, he smiled, but I didn't return it. The audacity he had to be smiling in my face after last night.

"Hey," he said.

I pouted, rolled my eyes and attempted to walk away. He held my hand, and I turned to face him, furious.

"Don't touch me!" I spat, pulling my hand away.

He frowned. "Wha– what's wrong?"

I tried my best not to wear my feelings on my sleeve, but I was new to this. I didn't know what I should even do or say in a situation like this, but I sure knew I didn't want to talk to him.

"It's fine," I said, happy with the way my voice sounded.

He clenched his jaw, looked over my shoulders and then pulled me inside his room. I gasped once I was inside, and he closed the door behind him.

"What are you doing?" I demanded. "Are you insane? If someone catches us–"

"I don't care. We're not going anywhere until you tell me what's wrong. Why are you angry with me? I thought we were good." His eyes didn't leave mine. It was hard for me to think when he looked at me the way he did.

"I told you it was fine."

"Don't bullshit me, Rachel," he was quick to say. I gasped at his words.

I gritted my teeth. “I don’t expect anything from you Luke, but the least you can do is show me some respect.”

His frown deepened. “What?”

“I heard the girls last night. I knew you guys came up here with them. We aren’t a couple, truth is, I don’t know what the hell this is, but the least you can do is show me some respect in my own home,” I confessed, feeling heated and also a bit lighter now that I got it off my chest.

Luke looked more confused as he raked his fingers through his hair. “I didn’t bring any female here last night, Rachel.”

I swallowed as I met his gaze. “You don’t have to lie to me,” I grated out, feeling the tears prick my eyes.

“I’m not lying to you. Connor brought two girls with him here last night. You know it wouldn’t be the first time,” he firmly said.

My cheeks stung as I thought back to several nights ago when I’d seen him going to his room with two girls by his side. Luke was right, and I felt so stupid.

“I would never bring anyone here. Plus, what reason would I have when you’re the only one I think about?” He took a step towards me, and my breathing quickened.

“Was that jealousy I sensed?” The humor returned to his voice along with the smugness on his face.

“It wasn’t.” My voice broke, and I wanted to kick myself.

He chuckled as he lifted my chin with his index finger, forcing me to meet his gaze. “You don’t have to worry about me wanting anyone else but you.”

My heart galloped frantically. “I’m not worried.”

“Sounded to me like you were,” he insisted.

I couldn’t say a thing else. This might have been another of his charms – sweet words to get me right where he wanted me, but at the moment, I wasn’t complaining. There was little I could think about when he smelled like rain in a forest. A kind of freshness that had me drooling in more than one places.

I closed my eyes as he lowered his head to mine. When his lips touched mine, I reveled in the bliss, feeding off the pleasure I received from his haunting caresses.

He pulled apart and met my gaze. “I missed you.”

I smiled despite myself. “I missed you, too.”

Chapter 10

Luke

For the following days, I barely saw Rachel except for when Connor and I caught dinner on occasions. Connor had made it his sole mission to explore as many places and parties as he could for the summer and most times that didn't allow us much time to be at home.

When we came back most times, it was usually in the middle of the night – if at all. Most nights, I'd want to go and knock on Rachel's door, but I didn't want to wake her from her sleep. Some people hate that, and I would hate to annoy her if she was that type.

A storm was brewing, though, and already the city was feeling the effects of it as it neared land. It was raining more often – though that had never stopped Connor from finding a party in the midst of it. The weather forecast, though, warned that things would become a bit more hectic and, as a result, persons should stay at home.

Today, the sky was cloudy with the promise of rain, but for now, there was nothing. Connor and I sat by the pool drinking. I was tempted to escape and see how Rachel was doing, but both parents were home today and the last thing I wanted was for them to catch onto anything.

"It's gonna rain cats and fucking dogs tonight, man. I'm thinking of inviting Camille over," Connor said as he took a drink.

I glanced at him. "The blonde you had the threesome with twice?"

He grinned at that and raised a brow. "That's the one. She's a babe, isn't she?"

I raised a brow. "I guess so."

He scoffed. "Quit acting like you wouldn't fuck her if given the chance. I invited you in on some of the action, but you've been behaving kinda weird this summer, I'm not gonna lie."

I sighed heavily. "I have my focus elsewhere," I mumbled as I took a drink. I couldn't tell Connor it was his sister.

He turned to me then, a slight frown on his face. "Your Dad?"

I snorted. "He's the furthest from my mind," I mumbled.

"Has he tried calling you?" He asked.

“A number of times. I haven’t called back.”

Connor shrugged. “Maybe he wants to make a truce,” he shrugged. “Fathers can be assholes sometimes, but they mean well… I think.”

“He’s beyond asshole, Con, and I don’t necessarily want to talk about it,” I said, my gaze planted ahead.

“Well, I already told you, you can stay here for as long as you want. Until you figure shit out. If you decide to stay here, I could ask my dad–”

“Thanks, man, I appreciate that more than you know, but I’ll try to figure this out all on my own.”

Connor nodded. “Okay, sure thing.”

My heart pounced in my chest when I saw Rachel and Mrs. Smith in the distance. They hopped into a car and then they drove off. My brows furrowed, wondering where they went off to.

I swallowed. “Where do you think they’re off to?”

Connor shrugged. “Probably to get some supplies or some anxiety meds for Bug,” he chuckled at that.

I frowned. “Anxiety meds?”

“Bug’s scared shitless of storms. She has these panic attacks whenever a storm hits. It’s fucking insane if you ask me.”

I frowned hearing that. “Why?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. I think it’s one of those phobias, you know?”

I nodded as my brain wandered off to Rachel and the thought of her being scared throughout all of this. I found myself becoming sad for that exact reason.

“Her mom’s always there with her, though, so she’ll be fine for tonight.”

I nodded, taking another sip of my drink and thinking back to the conversation. Connor and I stayed there and chatted for some time until the rain started. While we were on our way inside, Rachel and her mom returned with a few shopping bags in hand. Connor went upstairs as soon as we went inside, but I was more curious to see what was going. I wanted to see Rachel, too, which was a bonus.

She looked paler than usual; her aura definitely not as calm as it used to be. Mrs. Smith rubbed her back as they went to the kitchen. They still had not seen me standing there.

I cleared my throat and stepped into the room. “You ladies need any help?”

Her mom looked up, flashing me an immediate smile. “Oh, you’re so sweet, Luke, but we’ll be fine, thanks.”

I smiled, my gaze drifting to Rachel who fumbled with the goods in the bag.

“Rachel?”

She looked up then, her brown eyes big as she met my gaze. “Er, I’m fine, Luke, thanks.”

She tore her gaze away as soon as the words left her lips, and I took that as my sign to leave. I didn’t want to be nosy, especially in front of her mother. So, I left and headed to my room, plopping down on the bed with a sigh.

I couldn’t stop thinking about Rachel, and this time it extended beyond her looks and her body, but I found myself being concerned for her. I wanted to know what was wrong, and I wanted her to tell me. I wanted to fix it.

My phone rang as I lay there. I glanced at the caller and realized it was my dad. I hadn’t spoken to him all summer but still I pondered over it as the phone rang. He was the last person I wanted to hear from, but this time, I decided to give it a try.

“Hello….” I answered.

There was silence on the other end, but I could hear his breathing. Irritated, I almost hung up before I heard his voice through the line.

“I heard there’s a storm going that side,” his raspy voice declared.

“You heard right,” I quipped.

“You safe?”

I raised a brow. “Didn’t think you’d care.”

“Come on, boy. Don’t start being an ass now.”

I scoffed. “What do you want, Dad?”

I was just calling to check in, that’s it?”

“That’s it?” I pressed.

“You plan on coming back or what?”

I scoffed as I got up and raked my fingers through my hair. “I

thought you made it clear I wasn't supposed to," I reminded.

"Yeah, things escalated, and in the heat of the moment, words were exchanged, and we both said some things we shouldn't have, that don't mean I don't want you here."

I pulled in a breath. "My decision still hasn't changed. I don't plan on working at the shop," I said.

He sighed heavily. "Then, what are you planning, Boy? Do you think those rich people you're shacking up with will accept you as their own? News flash, son; the rich only look out for their own."

I clenched my teeth. "I don't want to argue, and I'll gladly end this call if you start with all that crap again."

He scoffed. "Fine, but don't come fucking crying to me when you get fucked over." With that, the call ended, and there was silence.

I shook my head and tossed the phone to the side. I shouldn't have expected better from my father. It was either his reasoning or none at all; there was no in between. However, today wasn't one of those days where I'd ponder the conversation over and over again. It was futile. It always led to one thing, and that was me being pissed throughout the whole day. I had bigger things on my mind – specifically Rachel.

**

The rain fell even harder that night, the thunder rolled like trumpets, and lightning flashed across the skies minute after minute. Based on the news, it would continue like this for a while, going into tomorrow and wouldn't let up until for a day or so.

I wondered how Rachel was doing since I had not seen her since the kitchen.

A knock came at the door, and I perked up in bed, wondering who it was. Connor came through before I even had a chance to answer.

"Hey, they're gathering downstairs to play cards and whatnot. Wanna join?"

I almost said no since playing cards was possibly the most boring thing to me. But then a thought occurred to me, and I held onto the possibility of seeing Rachel.

"Yeah, sure," I said as I got up and slid on my jacket.

Rachel, Alana and Henry were all there seated, already on a

round of cards.

Alana smiled when she saw us. “Good that you guys could join us.”

I smiled, moving to take a seat beside Rachel who only took a quick, furtive glance at me. She was snuggled up under a blanket thrown over her shoulders, her hair was out and messily falling around her face, masking my view of her.

“We’re playing go fish,” Alana said as she shuffled the cards, occasionally glancing at Rachel while she spoke.

Thunder clapped, and Rachel flinched beside me. I glanced at her and realized how she gripped the blankets tightly.

The game started, and it was going relatively well for a few minutes until the thunder sounded again, a flash of lightning lighting up the whole house while the heavy wind howled outside.

Rachel gasped before she threw the cards to the coffee table and stood. “I’m sorry… I’m feeling a bit tired; I should go to my room.” Her voice was shaky as she spoke. In the next minute, she was gone from the room.

Alana stood with a small sigh. “I’ll be right back,” she said as she followed behind.

I was left with Connor and Henry, who looked as concerned as everyone else.

“Damn, I’d hoped she’d be over it this time around,” Connor mumbled.

“It’s a hard thing to get over, Connor,” Henry stated.

“What is it exactly?”

“You don’t know?” Henry asked, brows furrowed.

“I know she has a fear of storms, that’s it.”

Henry sighed. “Her dad died in one. He ran off the road and slammed into a tree. Alana said this has been how Rachel has been ever since.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat and stared blankly at the floor.

“Damn.”

Chapter 11

Rachel

I was shaking, and I didn't know how to stop it. Each time the thunder rumbled in the sky, the more discombobulated I felt. It felt like I was losing my mind, and I just couldn't stop crying. I held my knees to my chest and rocked myself back and forth, trying to drown out the noise and the memories, which chose to resurface on this particular day.

My doorknob rustled, and I paused for a moment, wondering who it was. When my mom stepped through the door, I was slightly disappointed. She smiled pitifully as she approached me, the very thing I hated. Pity.

"Hey, sweetheart."

"Hey."

"Everything will be fine, y'know."

I nodded despite myself. "Yeah."

"The weather report says things will get better in the morning. We'll at least be able to get a momentary ease."

I nodded before I cleared my throat. "If you don't mind; I just want to be alone, Mom… please." Tears continued to trickle down my face.

She seemed saddened, but I just couldn't bear to look at her right now. I wanted some space.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah," I croaked.

She reached for me and pulled me into her arms. My lips quivered even more, more tears threatening to spill. I folded my lips and sucked it all in while she hugged me. I'd been crying on and off for more than twenty-four hours now. I didn't want to burden her anymore.

She pulled away and squeezed my hands tightly before she smiled and got up. I watched as she moved towards the door, pausing for just a second before she closed it behind her.

I sniffled, brushing the tears from my face and curling up into a ball in the bed. I reached for my earphones and plugged them into my

ear before I blasted music I hadn't even liked. However, it was loud enough to drown out the sounds outside. I squeezed my eyes shut and willed myself to fall asleep. I couldn't.

**

I eased my head up a little when I saw a shadow before my door. Pulling the earphones from my ear, I eased up to see who it was. For some reason, my heart was going a mile a second as I sat there looking, watching as my door slowly creaked open.

I gasped when Luke entered, silently closing the door behind him.

I shook my head, wondering if I'd now started to see things. He was still there, and I was curious for answers.

"What are you doing in here?" I asked. He came to sit on the bed, his manly scent permeating the air. I glanced at my phone and realized it was minutes to 1am.

"I was waiting for everyone to fall asleep, so I could come check on you," he said, his gaze searching my face, which was barely visible in the dark room. I switched on the other lamp.

"Your parents went to bed about an hour ago, and Connor just went in."

I swallowed. "You didn't have to do that; I'm fine."

"You don't look fine," he said.

I scoffed. "Well, thanks."

I flinched again when I heard the boisterous sounds outside and immediately felt embarrassed by it in Luke's presence.

"Henry told me what happened," he said, his voice the softest I'd ever heard it.

The tears pricked my eyes again, and my lips quivered. "He shouldn't have," I croaked.

"I'm sorry about what happened. I can't even imagine how you feel."

I was closer to tears each time he said something. "Did he tell you everything?" I asked.

Luke shook his head. "Only that he had an accident on a night like this."

I nodded, the tears finally trailing down my face. "It was my

fault," I croaked, feeling the walls I'd been trying to build in the last couple of hours crash to the floor again.

I glanced at Luke, saw the softness in his eyes and felt like bawling my eyes out.

"Rachel, it's not your fault," he said.

I shook my head. "Before the rain started, my grandfather called that day; he wanted some help with stacking some sandbags in case it flooded…" I trailed off and picked at my fingers while I dampened my lap with my tears. I couldn't look at Luke, not right now.

"It's like I could sense something would go wrong. I didn't want him to go, but he insisted his parents wanted some help, and since we were already safe at home, we'd be alright. He went, and sometime later, the rain started. I was only ten, but I remembered nagging my mom to call him and see where he was at." I swiped my hand across my nose and sniffled.

"When she called, he said the rain was too heavy, and it would be best if he stayed there until it passed. I threw a fit and I cried, telling him I wanted him home. He wasn't going to, but after hearing how distraught I was, he did it anyway…" my voice broke at the end, and a sob broke from me. My heart shattered into a million pieces.

Luke pulled me to him, and I cried on his shoulders, letting it all out. He didn't once let me go; he held me tight, trying to lighten my burden.

"He would still be alive if I hadn't –"

"Shhh," Luke comforted as he rubbed my back. "None of that was your fault, babe. No one knew any of that would happen."

"But–"

He broke free and held me by the shoulders and held a steady stare deep into my eyes. "It wasn't your fault. It's sad what happened, but in his last moments, your father knew you loved him dearly."

My lips quivered, and unable to help myself, I crashed into him again, sobbing endlessly on his shoulders. Luke was there to collect all my tears as I cried.

**

My cries had subsided, and I now laid on Luke's chest, staring across from him and pondering what he'd said. Somehow, his words gave me solace, and though my mom had told me countless times that

it wasn't my fault, I didn't want to believe it until now. I guess all I'd wanted was someone else's input.

"Thank you," I said, my voice slightly hoarse.

He shuffled a little and placed a small kiss on my forehead. "No thanks necessary, Kitten."

I smiled despite myself. "I didn't mean to dump all that on you," I clarified.

"You're free to dump whatever you want on me anytime you want."

I smiled. "For a second, I thought I'd scare you off."

"Impossible."

I eased up just a little to look at him. He smiled; I smiled back, lowered my head to his and softly placed my lips on his. We kissed, and our soft, comforting and innocent kisses reawakened all the desires I had inside me. I hadn't seen Luke in days and had missed him more than I thought I did. To be with him now felt good.

As we kissed, his hand slipped beneath my blouse, and I moaned at his touch, shuffling my body a little more so I was solidly pressed against him.

I got to my knees and pulled my shirt over my head, leaving my breasts exposed to his hungry gaze. He took in every inch of me, his hands creeping up to my legs as if begging me to show him more.

I felt obliged to do so; I slid off the bed and stripped myself naked for him. Luke watched, his gaze dark before he too came and stood in front of me, taking his time to strip off all his clothes.

He stood there in the nude and just stared at me for a moment while I also stood still and drank up the view of his perfect body. He took a step closer and used his thumb to caress my cheeks before he grazed it across my lips.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" He asked quietly.

I nodded while I met his gaze. "I've wanted this for so long," I confessed softly, sparks of fire raging through my body as he touched my skin. My fingers timidly crept up to his chest, sparsely covered with hair. My heart thrummed faster as I slid my hand over the tattoo of the eagle he had there.

I looked up at him again, feeling small in his overshadowing presence. My body was a furnace, and my thoughts were a mess as I stood there, feeling the warmth of his body, knowing he was naked

and it was just us alone in the moment and what could be happening tonight, now. I went on tiptoes and kissed him again, my hand sliding down his bare back while his slid around my ass. The kiss deepened, the arousal blossoming even more in my tummy as he gently squeezed my ass. My wetness rushed to my core, and I knew I was ready for him.

Luke's manhood swelled against my stomach, a soft throbbing as it hardened against my flesh. I moaned softly as the fire cascaded through my body, thoughts of having him inside me making me even wetter.

I reached between our bodies to feel it, my pulse racing when my fingers slid over its smooth firmness. He was huge and long, and for a second, I wondered if he would ever fit.

We kissed while I continued to caress his length with my hand. The longer I touched it, the needier I grew for him. I broke the kiss, shared a gaze with Luke, and then I went to my knees – face to face with his beautiful member.

I was amazed by the pinkish head, the girth he had that was laced with veins going all the way to his tight balls. I licked my lips and looked up at Luke who swallowed, his eyes dark as he watched me from above.

I thought back to the videos I'd watched nights ago and started using my hands, moving them back and forth on his manhood. He grew more erect in my hand, and I licked the bit of wetness that drooled to my lips. Excited to taste him, I shuffled further, held him at the tip, and licked from bottom to top. Luke moaned, slightly adjusting himself.

I licked his entire length until his length glistened with my saliva. Feeling satisfied with myself, I then circled the tip with my tongue, doing my best to mimic what I'd seen in porn. The slight saltiness caught me by surprise, but the more I lubricated him, the more accustomed I became to it.

"Oh, God," Luke said once I plunged the tip into my mouth. He reached down and ran his fingers through my hair in a manner meant to comfort and motivate me.

Emboldened by his actions, I took him slightly further in my mouth, enjoying the way he filled out the sides of my mouth with his girth. Luke's heavy breathing let me know he was enjoying it, and so I was compelled to take it a bit further, slipping him further and further inside my mouth.

When it felt like the tip was at my throat, I pulled off, gagging a

little, now embarrassed at my failed attempt.

Luke continued to caress my scalp. “Take your time, Kitten. Breathe.”

My cheeks stung with heat, but I was still motivated to give it another try. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and accepted him, careful not to graze him with my teeth. He started to thrust his member between my lips. I held onto his legs in an effort to steady myself and pushed myself further down on him. I thought I’d do a better job this time, but as soon as he slid into my throat, my eyes watered, and I started to gag again. This time, it was longer than the last. Through my blurred vision, I could see his manhood dangling in front of me, slavered.

Luke pulled me from the floor, cupped my jaw and smiled. “You’ll catch the hang of it, don’t worry.”

Before I had a chance to answer, he kissed me deeply, disregarding all my drool on my lips, seeming to enjoy it. It was the messiest kiss I’d ever received from him, but it filled me with an almost desperate need to have him.

His slick cock stirred against my stomach, just inches away from my entrance. Luke kissed me hungrily, moving to my cheeks and neck while his hands caressed my body. My thoughts were a mess. I couldn’t do anything but concentrate on his warm, smooth tongue suckling on my neck, urging my core to get even wetter for him. I’ve never felt so much wetness between my legs ever before. I literally was dripping.

Luke broke away from me and sat on the bed, his hands holding my hips as he looked up at me. He slid his large hands over my curves, taking note of every inch of me before he pulled me closer to him.

I climbed on top of the bed and straddled him, my heat pressed against his erect manhood that stood between us. I swallowed; my breathing frantic as I stared at his luscious lips. I caught his mouth hungrily, kissing him with all the desires I had for him.

We kissed for what seemed like eons before he tore his mouth away and went to ravish my tits. I gasped, arching my back as he quickly moved from one to the other, sucking and skillfully nibbling on them.

My flesh thrummed with desire, eager to be touched by him. As if reading my thoughts, Luke flipped me over on the bed, my back on the mattress while I stared at him hovering over me. Our tongues connected while his hand moved between my thighs. I moaned against

him when he rubbed my flesh, taking his time to caress my sensitive bud.

I mewled against him, suddenly overheated.

"Luke!" I gasped. Just then, he inserted two of his fingers inside me, stretching me open for him. I closed my eyes as his firm fingers explored my channel, heightening the pleasure inside me. Luke thrust his digits back and forth, pulling out occasionally to rub my clit and distribute my juices all over my slitted flesh.

I hadn't thought it possible, but when he added a third finger, I gasped loudly, realizing that there was not much resistance from my part.

Luke looked down at me, his green eyes now a deep emerald green in the dim light. "You're such an eager little kitten," he said as he slipped out his fingers.

He brought them between our faces, and I blushed brightly, seeing my arousal all over his fingers. I licked my lips and Luke brought it down to them, inserting them inside my mouth. I sucked it, enjoying the taste of myself. Luke smeared his fingers across my lips before he dipped his face towards mine and kissed me hard. I moaned at the roughness, feeling a rush of my juices between my thighs.

I breathed frantically. I didn't think I'd go much longer before coming prematurely. I was on a high; my body was dying to have him.

Just then, Luke adjusted himself between my legs and the crash of thunder sounded simultaneously. I flinched a little, really feeling breathless.

"Focus on me, Kitten," he said, rubbing his firm, smooth tip against my aching flesh. My lips parted in anticipation as I held his gaze and tried my very best to do as he said.

He rubbed his tip up and down my flesh, teasing my clit, which was already sensitive as it was. Each time he passed over the slick nub, I felt myself gushing more for him.

He eased the head inside my entrance, and the breath caught in my throat, my flesh puckering loudly as he entered my wetness. Luke paused and trailed his hand over my breasts, moving it further down to pry my legs open even wider.

"I've got you," he said before he slipped an inch deeper. The solid warmth of his member felt great against my warmth. He continued to move inside me, stretching my flesh with his length, until he reached a barrier.

My heart pounded in my chest as I awaited the moment, knowing it probably would hurt. Luke kissed me, his lips pressed firmly against mine. He then plunged into my flesh hard, breaking my hymen in a single thrust. I groaned deeply against his lips, my hips slightly closing up as pain wrenched through me.

My eyes pricked with tears, my walls clinging to Luke's intrusive dick, which made the stinging even more intense. He broke the kiss and held my gaze, using his hand to brush away the hair from my face.

"It's just for a short time, I promise," he said. I wanted to believe him, but at the moment, I felt somewhat nervous that this was the result of breaking my virginity and maybe the pain wouldn't stop anytime soon, contrary to what I heard. I hadn't anticipated the intensity of the striking pain, even though I heard it would fade. Luke being so big and full inside me, had me really thinking otherwise.

My lips quivered as he later started to move, pushing deeper, though gently. I clung to him, wanting this particular moment of discomfort to end and hoping it would be soon.

Chapter 12

Luke

The haze of pain in Rachel's eyes left me uneasy. I knew she was a virgin, and I knew this would hurt, but seeing it actually happen wasn't something I liked. It made me more eager to pleasure her.

She was tight as fuck, warm, her walls soft and responsive. I didn't want to hurt her more, and so I took my time, allowing her to familiarize her body with my cock, while I filled her with long, gentle thrusts.

She held onto me as if she didn't want to let go, her full, perfect tits grazing against my chest while my body moved against hers. Her walls clung to me like a vice grip, but as she started to moan, I realized she was finally starting to enjoy it. I reached down and pried her legs apart, giving myself more space to move inside her. I bucked further inside her, breaching her flesh with every inch of my length.

Rachel's small gasps were driving me insane, her fingers pressing deeper into my skin each time I went further. I was so fucking deep in her tightness I knew my orgasm wouldn't be far off if I remained. Heat cascaded my cock, which felt every gentle tug of her pussy. I was a goner for Rachel. I realized that with each passing second and yet I didn't mind one bit.

I looked down on her face, realized she had her eyes closed and her lips slightly parted, her small moans and gasps of pleasure sounding in the room. She was a fucking image of beauty and perfection, and though I hadn't thought it possible, my erection swelled even more inside her.

I eased up and propped myself on my knees, my length still buried inside her pink pussy – pinker now that the evidence of her broken virginity mingled with her juices. She was as wet as a glacier, her quim snugged comfortably around my huge manhood.

She opened her eyes to look at me, and I held her below her knees, her legs wide open while I drilled her sweet little pussy.

"How do you feel?" I asked as I moved inside her.

"So good, Luke," she said breathlessly.

Her brown hair was sprawled out behind her, her face flushed and her nipples like points in her chest. Then, further down, it was me

stuffing her for the very first time with my cock. What a picture.

I pulled out of her, enjoying the gasp that left her lips and the sight of her pinkness closing up after accepting my length. Her juices glistening on her pussy, some even trailing to her ass as she lay there spreadeagled. I clenched my teeth and directed my length back into her warmth, enjoying the puckering sounds as I breached her wetness.

Rachel moaned deeply, thrashing her head to the side while her walls gripped me tightly. I increased my pace, burying myself deep each time as I moved inside her. Her stomach sank with her deep inhales, her nipples seemingly getting harder by the second.

I reached out to trail my hand across them, sending my length deeper inside her. Rachel quivered when I touched her aroused nipples, her walls convulsing around my length. I slammed into her more vigorously, enjoying the way she gripped me with each thrust.

“Loving this cock, Kitten?” I teased.

“Yes! Oh God, yes!” She exclaimed, reaching her hands out for me. I leaned into her and kissed her, still not letting up inside her as I fucked her innocence away.

I kissed her hard and hungrily; Rachel clung to me, wrapping her legs around me and trapping me inside her tightness. I smiled against her lips, her legs were hugging around me too tight, but I used whatever space she allowed me to continue fucking her sweetly. The thrusts were loud in the room as I explored her wetness, feeling the rush of her waves cascaded around my throbbing length. The pleasure became more intense, and I continued to kiss Rachel while fucking her deep and hard. Her flesh started to tighten around me, her kisses becoming hungrier as her slick body moved against mine.

The pressure started to build inside me. I broke the kiss and held her gaze, filling her deep with my teeth bared. Rachel’s moans got louder, her breathing heavier, and I knew she was near.

I fucked her faster, wanting to come with her as the tension built inside me. Rachel screamed, quickly slapping her hand over her mouth, her eyes watering. She convulsed around me, her walls tightly hugging my cock. I didn’t let up until I felt a rush of my cum race to the front. I bucked inside her, muttering a curse as I filled her with my seed.

Rachel’s body quivered, her body trying to writhe from under me as she came. I didn’t move until every drop was emptied inside her tight little cunt. I collapsed on top of her, breathing heavily, my heart beating against hers. A minute later, my flaccid manhood slipped from inside her.

I rolled from atop her and stared at the blank ceiling, trying to get my thoughts together. I could still hear Rachel's heavy breathing, hear her soft whimpers as she came down from her high.

I licked my lips and turned to her, taking in the look of satisfaction on her face.

I smiled. "How do you feel?"

A small smile curled the corners of her lips. "Amazing."

I placed a small kiss on her cheeks before I got up and headed to the adjoining bathroom. There, I cleaned myself, got one of her rags from a rack and soaked it with some warm water. When I reentered the room, Rachel hadn't moved an inch, but her breathing had slowed.

I moved between her legs and examined her. My cum was all over her, a dollop of it sitting on the bed right below her ass. I pressed the cloth to her delicate pussy and wiped away the traces of my cum. Rachel quivered as she looked down at me, a smile on her face.

She extended her hand to me, and I couldn't resist. I tossed the cloth to the side and went up to her, kissing her before I rolled over to the side and spooned her from behind, our naked bodies pressed against each other. It probably wasn't the best idea, but she was comfortable and that was all that mattered.

"Could you stay the night?" She asked me, her voice soft.

I swallowed. That usually wasn't my forte, but I wanted to more than anything.

"Sure. I'll just have to slip out early before everyone gets up."

"Okay," she said.

My hands snuck up from her stomach to cup her breasts. Rachel moaned softly.

"Thank you for being here, Luke. You have no idea how much I appreciate this."

I smiled against her neck. "Always."

There was a small silence. "So, how was your first time?" I asked.

"Better than anything I could have imagined. I enjoyed it so much."

I kissed her neck. "I'm happy to hear that."

"You're a wonderful lover," she whispered.

I smiled at her choice of words. "Likewise, Kitten."

I pulled her closer to me, not expecting to be aroused all over again so soon, but here I was. I wanted her again. Rachel must have felt me hardening against her; she shifted a little and looked over at me.

"You want to go again?"

I swallowed. "I do."

She giggled. "Good, because I thought I was the only one," she confessed.

I chuckled. "Ahh, a greedy little Kitten."

"You have yourself to blame for that."

While one hand cupped her breasts, the other snuck down between her legs to rub her clit. She was wet already despite me cleaning her earlier. She moaned and lifted her leg, placing it over mine. I adjusted a little, my hardness fumbling against her entrance. With a single thrust I entered her, and she moaned deeply while her walls clung to me.

It felt like paradise being back inside her warm cavern. It felt good, not having to pass a barrier and feeling how freely I slid into her. I held up her leg and plunged into her repeatedly from behind.

Rachel gasped, she moaned, she sighed as I moved inside her, fucking her more passionately than I'd done before. Heat radiated between us and in a matter of minutes, we were both sweating and slick against each other. The scent of sex filled the room while a storm raged outside, lightning occasionally lighting up the room, while we fucked.

I didn't care for anyone, and apparently Rachel felt the same because this time she wasn't afraid to be as loud as she could under my thrusts. I slipped my hand over her hip and down to her pussy, finding that small button, it was firm, soft and already slippery from her own wetness. I started making small, slow circles around the base of her aroused clit with my fingers. She moaned even louder and sunk her hips backwards and hard into mine as the pleasure mounted into her. As soon as I saw that she couldn't endure any more pleasure I gently flicked my thumb over the erected head of her clit - slowly, deliberately. She bit hard into her lips and her eyes rolled over in pure, white bliss like she's never felt before, then I began flicking my thumb faster, softer, a fluttery soft and fast movement over her entire clit, my hand a blur. Rachel grabbed onto my hand as her body writhed against me. Her pussy convulsed around my thrusts and soon she was screaming her orgasm. My cock slid from her as she started to quiver, her body convulsing violently from her orgasm.

I sucked in a breath through gritted teeth and started to jerk off, long, hard strokes, from the head to the base. I didn't get far before I spilled my cum against her ass.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed before I collapsed onto the bed, drained.

Chapter 13

Rachel

I opened my eyes and smiled, my memories instantly bringing me back to last night. My body was still on a high, but as I turned to see if Luke was still there, I realized there was a soreness between my legs. I flinched as I turned, the smile reappearing on my face when I saw him lying there, fast asleep.

I checked the time, realized it was just minutes after five in the morning, and the rain still had not stopped. I snuggled up to Luke and lay against his chest, right where his tattoo was. I smiled; I was happy. As simple as that. Luke made me happy and being with him last night had made me the happiest. I didn't mind being sore because at least there would be a constant reminder of what we'd done. I was no longer a virgin at twenty and had been lucky enough to have someone like Luke take it.

"Good morning," I heard his voice and smiled, easing up to look at him.

"Good morning," I said, smiling down at him. He held me at the back of my head and brought my face down to his. He kissed me sensually, and my nipples tightened.

"You're beautiful," he said once he broke the kiss and continued to stare at me. I felt the heat in my cheeks and knew my blush couldn't be hidden. I felt like a new girl with him.

"You make me feel beautiful," I retorted with a smile before I lay on his chest once more and traced around his tattoo with my finger.

"It's an eagle, right?"

He cleared his throat. "Yeah."

"Any significance?"

I felt the rise of his chest against my face. "Freedom."

"Hmm."

"What do you want to be free from?" I asked, immediately regretting it as the words left my mouth. I didn't want to intrude, and I didn't want Luke to think there was any type of entitlement because we'd had sex.

“Sorry, you don’t have to answer that.”

“It’s okay,” he said. “I got it after graduating high school. College was a big deal for me, and it meant being out of the town I’d known all my life.”

“I don’t even know where you’re from?” I choked a laugh. “It’s crazy because I don’t even know your last name.”

He chuckled while he used his hand to trail back and forth on my arm. “Anderson. I’m from a small town in South Carolina called Bleatville.”

I got up to look at him as he spoke. “You didn’t like it there?”

“I didn’t hate it. There’s just a lot to see outside of it, and I didn’t want to be trapped there all my life.” He cleared his throat. “My dad wanted me to stay, follow in his footsteps and take over the mechanic shop he operates there. I don’t want to do that.”

“What does your mom think?”

Luke pulled in a breath. “My mom passed when I was a boy. She had leukemia.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.”

He gave me a crooked smile. “It’s fine. I don’t even remember much of it.”

I swallowed, afraid to ask the question I was about to. “Are you going back once the summer’s over?”

He raked his fingers through his hair. “I might not have a choice. As complicated as my dad can be, he’s the only family I have left. Plus, I wouldn’t know what to do in a city like this.”

“But you– you could get a job here. Henry owns multiple companies across the states. I could help you get a job there – Connor could help you,” my voice got louder as I verbalized my thoughts. I was excited to see what could come of my suggestions.

He smiled as he turned to me. “Sounds like you’d want me to stay, Kitten.”

My face heated. “Would it be such a bad thing.”

He reached for my face and placed a kiss on my lips. My eyes remained closed even when he pulled away. When I opened them, he was staring right at me.

“We’ll see how it goes.” He got up from the bed and went in search of his clothes. I couldn’t take my eyes off him as he walked around naked, his semi-erect manhood dangling between his legs as

he walked. I licked my lips.

"I should head to my room before someone gets up." He pulled his shirt over his head and pulled on his sweats. He then moved around the side of the bed and kissed me. His hand reached between my legs and with a gentle pat on my vagina, he said, "Keep it warm and tight for me."

I instantly became flustered, watching as he moved towards the door and quickly slipped out through the small crack that he'd created for himself.

I sighed heavily and plopped back into the bed, biting down on my lips and smiling hard.

**

For the following nights, Luke snuck into my room every chance he had to the point where if I didn't have him one night, it felt like I was losing my mind. It became our new normal, and I was quite fine in being wrapped up in him, in our own little world.

All I thought about was being in the moment – fearful of thinking long term. I didn't want to think about that just yet; I was just starting to have some fun.

One night, while everyone was asleep, he snuck in, a devious smile on his face as he entered. He closed the door behind him and moved towards me. I eased up on the bed, a happy grin on my face, just because seeing him smile brought me a world of joy.

"What is it?" I asked.

He came and sat beside me, placing a small kiss on my lips. "I have something for you."

My smile broadened. "Really, what is it?" I was eager to know.

He dug into his pocket and pulled out a small burgundy box. I got even more excited, my eyes peeled on it as he handed it to me.

I did a little shimmy as I opened it, the smile not leaving my face. When I lifted the top, my eyes widened, and my heart soared. I looked up at Luke who had a prideful look on his face as he gauged my reaction.

"Luke," I croaked, filling my eyes with the beautiful piece of jewelry sitting in the box. My hands trembled as I took it from the box and laid it against my palm. "It's beautiful," I said, giggling when I realized what it meant.

It was a necklace with a cat paw as the pendant. I brushed at my tears and lunged myself into his arms.

“I love it; thank you.”

“I saw it today and immediately thought of you.”

I broke free to meet his gaze. “I’m flattered you think of me outside of this room,” I teased.

“I think about you all the time, Kitten.”

He kissed me sensually before he broke free, took the necklace, and placed it around my neck. As he moved my hair to the side, his fingers grazing along my skin, I could feel my desire blooming for him. That was all it took; a single touch, and I’d be a goner.

I touched it once he was done and bounded from the bed, heading towards the bathroom. I looked at myself in the mirror and the sparkling necklace on my chest.

Luke came up behind me, standing there while we both looked in the mirror. “It’s perfect,” I said.

“Just like the person wearing it.”

My breath caught in my throat when he dipped his head and kissed me on my neck. I craned my neck to the side and allow him to feather my skin with light kisses, his hands creeping around my stomach as he pulled me back on him. I moaned and closed my eyes, relishing in the feel of his soft, warm lips against my flesh.

As I moaned from my pleasures, he used one hand to untie the knot of my robe’s belt. It fell open, exposing glimpses of my naked body underneath. I opened my eyes and stared at myself in the mirror, taking note of my breasts peeking out from the opening, my pussy on full display.

I watched as Luke’s Adam’s Apple visibly bobbed as he stared at me through the mirror. That primal, hungry look had returned to his eyes and in that moment, he looked beastly hovering over me.

My breathing increased as he peeled the robe from my shoulders and allowed it to fall in a pool around my feet. His hand trailed down my arm and over my breast before he flattened his palm against my stomach and slid it down my mound. I leaned into him, my neck arched, my eyes fluttering as he slid his fingers between my slit and over my sensitive clit. A shiver passed through me as he rubbed that spot over and over again until my juices were really going, I was wet.

His free hand slid up to my neck, and he held me there,

fondling my pussy while he slithered his tongue across my cheeks and my mouth. I slightly turned my head for his kisses, engrossing myself in a sloppy caress of our tongues. I was wet, and with the hardness poking in my back, I knew Luke was ready as well.

He slipped his hand away from my flesh, smearing the juices across my skin before he quickly pulled off his clothes.

I expected him to take me from behind, but when he held my waist and flipped me around, I realized he had other things in mind. He raised me off the floor and propped me on the bathroom counter. My breathing was ragged as I stared at him, anticipating his next move.

Luke lowered himself to his knees and pulled me at the hips, getting me closer to the edge of the counter. I gasped, feeling his hot breath against my flesh as he positioned himself there. My heart was beating a mile a second. As much as Luke and I had had sex over the past days, he'd never been there before. I was slightly nervous, but more so excited about what I'd be feeling.

He looked up at me, his gaze reassuring as he pried my legs apart. I was happy to have shaved earlier in the morning. With Luke's lips so close to my lady-parts, I was a bit self-conscious.

When he licked my flesh, I quivered, a rush of pleasure passing through me. I arched my back, throwing my head back as I awaited more. He continued to lick me, long, slow licks, his tongue thick and warm as he swiped it from the top of my pussy and slowing down as he passed over my clit and licking past the end of my slit, only stopping on the sensitive island of flesh just before my asshole. I couldn't help the small tremors that passed through me when he licked his way back up, stuck his tongue inside my entrance and slowly lapped at my walls. I gripped the edge of the counter like my life depended on it and bucked myself against his face hard in an effort to get more of his tongue.

Luke was slick against my flesh as he licked me before latching his mouth over my pussy. I cried out then, once again taken aback by the jabs of pleasure that assailed by body.

He sucked my clit hard, and I had to blink a few times in fear of this not being real. My fingers tightened around the edge of the counter as Luke continued to use his tongue. He licked, and he sucked, his tongue flicking back and forth inside me while his hot mouth covered my entire pussy.

"Luke," it was a broken plea as I tried my best to hold onto my sanity. My body quivered, the arousal heightening as well as the

pleasure. I reached for his head and held him against me, not wanting him to let up until I was coming in his mouth.

Small gasps erupted from the pit of my stomach, goosebumps making pebbles on my skin as I basked in the pleasure. My grip tightened in his hair, the other hand tightening around the counter as I screamed, my body convulsing. My body hummed a sweet tune as I came, the feeling indescribable.

I was breathing heavily when Luke stood between my thighs, his mouth wet from my juices. I immediately reached for him and kissed him hard on the mouth before I licked his chin and his mouth again.

"You taste as good as you feel," he said, the swollen tip of his erection already at my tiny pink opening. He held me closely before he slowly slid inside me. I sighed heavily and clung to him, my walls already clinging to his hard cock.

He felt so good being inside me, filling out every inch of me and sweetly caressing every pleasure spot – the perfect fit. He moved freely, driving to the ultimate hilt before he pulled back and slammed into me again. My breasts slightly jiggled on my chest from his thrusts, my body on the verge of another orgasm.

"You love this cock don't you, Kitten?"

I nodded. "Yes, so, so much."

"You've turned into quite the little nymph, haven't you?" He smiled, continuing to thrust inside me.

My flesh tightened around him at the use of that word, but I knew it was true. I was. I couldn't do without Luke for long.

"You make it hard to resist," I said.

His thrusts became more frantic and so did my cries as he barreled inside me. My body stiffened when another orgasm slammed into me. With a few final thrusts, Luke came as well, filling my pussy, pulling out just enough so his seed leaked from my slit and down the edge of the counter.

"Oh God," I muttered, watching as his essence, dripped from me and to the floor. I clenched my pussy, allowing more to get out while we both watched.

"You're going to be the death of me, Rachel," he said between clenched teeth, his voice barely recognizable. With that, he hoisted me into his arms and carried me to the bedroom. He dropped me on my stomach and climbed over me.

I moaned when he lowered himself, grabbed my ass cheeks, molding them into his hands and then prying them apart. I moaned and then closed my eyes, ready for whatever he had left in him. He rubbed his cock between my cheeks, another thing that was new for me. It felt good and by the way Luke was moaning, I knew he liked it, too.

It continued for about a minute before he popped his cock inside me. As he entered me I felt a difference. It was a whole different ballgame with my legs closed up and receiving him from behind. He felt bigger, and as he lunged himself deeper inside me, I almost felt like a virgin again.

Luke pushed my ass cheeks to the side as he moved inside me, his thrusts now more punctuated and deeper. I gripped the bedsheets while my body shifted on the bed. Seconds later, Luke leaned into me and slid his hand beneath me to grope my breast. I moaned slightly pushing my ass out. His warm breath was by my neck, pressing kisses to my flesh while he fucked me. I was out of breath and knew that in order to keep up with Luke I'd maybe have to sign up to a gym.

"You feel so good, Kitten. All mine."

My walls clenched around him. "All yours," I agreed.

"I swear if a man ever looks at you from now on, I might commit murder." There was no sign of humor in his tone and for a second, I wondered if he were actually serious. With the way he was making love to me, I knew he might have been.

"I want you to say you're mine, Kitten," he said against my ear before sucking it.

I swallowed, consumed by an unbearable amount of heat. "I'm yours, Luke!"

He bucked, burying his cock to the hilt. The warmth of his semen filled my insides, triggering my own orgasm. I squeezed my eyes tightly shut, allowing my body to bask in the bliss we'd created.

**

My thighs were sticky, and I smelled like a combination of Luke and cum. I didn't mind one bit. I lay beside Luke as we both tried to get our beating hearts under control.

"I wanna take you out tomorrow," I heard him say.

I turned to look at him, my heart leaping in my chest. "Connor said he had this thing with his dad all day, and I heard your mom

mention earlier that she has some errands to run tomorrow. It'd be perfect," he raised a brow at that, seemingly having it all planned out.

I smiled, snuggling up to him, already feeling excited. "Where do you have in mind?"

He shrugged. "I don't know many places here, but there's a little café in town I thought would be nice. We could have lunch there; maybe head to the beach after – anywhere you want."

I couldn't stop grinning. "Sounds good."

He smiled as he pulled me into him and kissed me softly on the lips. Normally, my skepticism would later turn me off, but I was willing to take whatever risk if it meant being close to Luke. I was happy with him. As simple as that.

Chapter 14

Rachel

I got up the following morning just as Luke slipped out to go to his room. I was so excited, I started roaming through my closet in search of the best thing to wear. I had a lot of summer dresses and decided that a baby blue one would be the perfect one. I laid it out, ironed it and propped it into my closet for later before I made my bed and washed up.

I was about to head downstairs for breakfast when a knock came at the door. I knew it wasn't Luke – he had a special knock.

"Come!" I announced.

My mom made an appearance, already dressed for the day, and smelling like a garden of roses.

"Good morning, sweetheart," she smiled as she moved towards the window and opened them up – a habit of hers over the years.

I smiled. "Good morning, Mom."

"I have a few errands to run today. I have one of Henry's events to attend to in a few days and need to be fitted. Plus, I was thinking of going to a friend for lunch…" she trailed off and sighed. "There's a few things I have to do today; I was wondering if you wanted to come."

I stiffened. "Er… I– maybe some other time. I don't think I'm up for it today," I said, managing a smile.

She nodded. It wasn't weird to decline, seeing I'd never really accompanied my mother when she ran her errands. A few times maybe, but not all the time.

"Okay, sure," she said, about to leave when she paused and smiled, her gaze examining me from head to toe. "You've been glowing these past couple of days, sweetheart. I love that for you."

My cheeks heated. "Aw, thanks, Mom."

She reached out to me and rubbed my shoulder. "I know the storm was rough on you, but it's good to see that you've picked yourself up and are thriving. Good for you."

I only smiled.

"I'll see you later then. Maybe we can order out for dinner once I get back."

I nodded. "Sounds good."

"Oh, that's a cute necklace," she observed and my heart skipped a beat.

I cleared my throat. "Thanks. I got it last semester," I lied, immediately feeling guilty considering I rarely lied to my mom – never about something this big.

She left after, and I smiled. Connor's car revved up about an hour later, and I then knew it was just me and Luke alone.

I glanced at the time, and realized we were actually right on time to head out. I grabbed my purse and swung the door open, ready to head out. He was just stepping from inside his room when he paused, a smile on his face, his gaze trailing down my frame. My pulse quickened as I looked at him, all dressed in a white button down with a few buttons loose at the top. He wore cargos, and his hair was combed back, neater than usual.

He smiled at me and I giggled loudly when he lunged forward and held me, kissing me hungrily on the lips. I smiled between kisses while Luke's hand slid up my dress to grope my ass.

I pushed him off playfully. "We won't get much done if we continue like this," I said.

He smiled as he pulled me against him yet again. "That doesn't sound like the worst idea, right now."

I slipped in front of him, holding him by the hand. "Oh come on."

He chuckled as he followed behind me. I threw my car keys at him and led us to the garage.

"You have a car?" He asked, seemingly surprised.

"Yeah, it was a gift from Henry and my mom for graduating high school."

Once we reached the garage and I stood beside the gleaming white BMW, he raised a brow. "White on white, nice."

I felt pride hearing his approval. We hopped on shortly after and went on the road. I wound the windows door, took in a breath of fresh air and glanced at Luke. He looked at me, the sun hitting his eyes in the perfect angle, making his green eyes brighter and more

beautiful.

He reached across and placed his hand on my leg as we drove. My heart was filled with happiness, and I felt like this was what it felt like to be on cloud nine.

Once we arrived at the café, Luke and I ordered. He opted for salmon, and I ordered a Caesar salad and soup.

“How did you even know about this place?” I asked as we ate. “Believe it or not, I never came here before now.”

His thick narrow brows perked up. “Really?”

“Yeah, Mom has one she likes, so that’s usually our go to, and there’s one that does fine dining a few blocks from here.”

“You don’t get out much, do you?” He asked, a smug smile on his face.

“You can’t tell?”

Luke grinned. “Definitely. You’re so perfect, sometimes I wonder if you’re real, Kitten.”

I blushed. “I’m far from perfect.”

“Perfect enough for me.”

I smiled and used my fork to play with my food. There was a question on my lips I wanted to ask, but I feared the response, so I held back.

We chatted for about an hour after completing our meals. Luke revealed parts of him that caught me by surprise. He wasn’t as rugged as I thought, and he was smart – full of ideas that made his eyes twinkle as he spoke. I was so engrossed in all that he said and was obliged to answer every question he asked of me. The conversation flowed easily, we laughed, and we chatted even more. Being socially awkward and an introvert seemed non-existent with Luke around. I realized he brought out a side of me that I admired.

And as we chatted and continued with our conversation, a revelation came to me, which caused my heart to skip a few beats.

I was in-love with Luke Anderson.

**

“I’m so stupid… I forgot to bring a swimsuit,” I said when we left the restaurant and arrived at the beach.

Luke smiled as he stepped out. “It isn’t necessarily a

requirement, is it?" He raised a brow as he looked at me.

I bit my lips and grinned. "What are you suggesting?"

"We get in fully clothed," he said as he kicked off his shoes. I bit my lips and quickly discarded mine before I ran behind Luke who already started to make his way down the crowded beach.

We walked to an area with less people and Luke ran in, water splashing against his feet as he stood firmly in the waves. He held out his hand and gestured for me to join him. I felt a bit of trepidation as I watched him, looking around at the people that didn't even look our way.

"Is it cold?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Not at all!" He exclaimed.

I held the hem of my skirt and moved towards the water. As soon as it touched my toes, I knew Luke was lying and sent him a warning look. He only chuckled; his hands still outstretched. I held onto him, and he pulled me in. I gasped once my body fully hit the water, but Luke held me against him, closing the space with a kiss. I clung to him while the waves crashed against our bodies, the sun shining down on us. It was a beautiful day to be out after the storm, which had passed a few days ago.

We waded around in the water, splashing each other and dodging the waves that crashed into us. The water started to feel good – quite the contrast from being in a pool most of the time. The sand felt good between my toes, and even the sun seemed brighter on this side of town. Luke and I played around for a while; we had a snack, took a break and went back in again for the final round.

I noticed the way he looked at me and quickly realized my nipples were printing through my dress, seeing I wasn't wearing any bra, and my dress clung to every inch of me.

He pulled me towards him, my body pressed against his with his mouth at my ear. "I want you so much," he said, kissing my ear. "I think we should go."

I couldn't protest to that, so I held his hand as we both came out of the water and headed towards the car. Luke opened the door to the backseat, and I frowned, sending him a curious glance.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Come see," he said as he slipped inside.

I looked around me to see if anyone was near before I went in after him. After seeing the look on his face, I finally realized what he

wanted.

I snorted. “You want to do it here?” I asked.

“Why not?” He asked, already in the process of pulling his pants down.

I bit my lips and looked through the windows. “Luke we’re in broad daylight, and there are people here,” I whispered as if I were at risk of being overheard.

“The windows are tinted and whoever sees us from the front won’t even know who we are.”

I snorted. “Do you know how crazy that sounds?” I asked, staring at him in disbelief.

“Come on Kitten. Taking a little risk isn’t a bad thing.”

“People could call the cops,” I reminded.

“No one will call the cops,” he laughed.

I bit down on my lips and contemplated on what he wanted while I dripped over the car. Luke wasn’t the type of person you could resist. One look from him was capable of getting me aroused, and right now my heart was plummeting in my chest as I anticipated the thrill from this experience.

“Okay,” I said as I glanced down at his erect cock that was damp with water. I climbed on top of him and kissed him hard, filling myself with the pleasure I’d longed for all day. Luke held me at the waist, his hands sneaking down to pull at my wet dress. Our kiss was filled with more urgency as the seconds rolled by, and I didn’t know if it was from the fear of being caught or the fact that I couldn’t wait to have Luke inside me.

He peeled the straps from my shoulders and latched onto my breasts as soon as they came into view. I threw my head back and arched my back as he took turns sucking and licking each. The juices flowed for him, and I knew I didn’t need water to be completely soaked for him.

My breathing became more frantic and the desire to have him inside me became more desperate. I lifted my hips a little and reached for Luke’s cock, instantly directing it towards my center. Luke helped me to push my panties to the side, using the bit of space allowed to shove his length inside me. A disjointed cry escaped my lips as Luke filled me. I slowly impaled myself with his length, going further and further until he was lost inside me. Luke held me tightly, one hand wrapped around my waist while the other was planted on my ass,

pulling it towards him.

I began to roll my hips, throwing my head back as the pleasure moved through me. Water tricked between us, my hair dripping all over the car and on Luke. I alternated between rolling my hips and bouncing on his cock, not knowing which one felt better. Luke slid his hand around my ass and down my panties, running his fingers down my ass crack as we had sex. I moaned as he adjusted, sinking his body further down on the seat so I could lean forward more comfortably.

I rolled my hips, closing my eyes as Luke's cock hit that sweet spot inside me. I knew my orgasm wouldn't be far, and so I increased my pace as the momentum built inside me.

Meanwhile, Luke circled my rosebud with his middle finger, doubling the pleasure I felt. As I neared my edge, he popped the tip of his finger inside, and I stiffened, coming instantly. My body bucked against him, my walls clenching tightly around Luke's throbbing dick. He slightly lifted my body, thrusting his hips upright as he lodged his entire length deep. His low, guttural grunt sounded inside the car before I felt the burst of his seed inside me.

I sighed heavily, not moving an inch as I stayed there, basking in it all. I didn't care who might have seen us; I was just happy I didn't chicken out.

**

We were still laughing with each other when we got home. I was desperate to change out of my damp clothes and take a shower and Luke wanted me to get out of them for other reasons. I stumbled through the front door laughing, Luke chasing me. I stopped in my tracks, wanting him to catch me. And when he did, I squealed, moaning when he pressed his lips to mine.

"What the fuck!"

Chapter 15

Rachel

I pulled away from Luke as if someone had stuck a wedge between us and ripped us apart. My heart slammed in my chest as I spun around and saw Connor standing at the foot of the stairs, a deep frown on his face as he looked from me to Luke.

“What the hell is going on here?” He demanded. My thoughts were now frantic, a dangerous cocktail of nerves stirring in my gut.

I couldn’t speak. I couldn’t move. I was frozen in that spot as my world came crashing down on us.

“I can explain,” Luke said, sounding a lot calmer than I felt.

“No shit! What were you doing kissing Rachel, man?” He asked, his voice firm as he looked to us for answers. His gaze trailed down my wet clothes before assessing Luke with the same precision.

He scoffed, his jaw tightening, and before I could process what was happening, Connor stormed towards Luke, shoving him in the chest. I gasped, watching as Luke stumbled backwards, barely able to catch his balance.

“You have some fucking nerve, coming into my home and taking advantage of my sister!” He roared.

“He didn’t take advantage of me!” I blurted, the words leaving my lips without thought. I certainly didn’t want Connor to think that was how it went.

He spun around to face me, something akin to disgust on his face. He held up his index finger and pointed it at me. “I’ll deal with you later.”

Normally, I’d roll my eyes at words like that from Connor, but his face was marred with so much anger, I preferred not to press his buttons.

“I didn’t take advantage of Rachel,” Luke clarified.

Connor scoffed and shook his head. “I took you in when you had no fucking where to go, I treated you like my own brother…and this is how you repay me?” He hissed.

Luke frowned. “I didn’t set out to hurt you, I had no malicious intentions towards you, but things happened–”

“Bullshit! You could have had any woman you wanted – you usually fucking do – but you had to come here and warm up to Rachel. But you always fucking loved that, don’t you?” He said as he pointed an accusing finger at Luke.

“You always liked the ones who were a little harder to get – the ones who put up a challenge…” he turned to me then, his mouth set in a thin line. “It’s been two fucking weeks, turns out you’re easier than I thought.”

I gasped.

“Don’t talk to her like that!” Luke cut in, sounding angry for the first time.

Connor scoffed, working his jaw as his gaze searched the floor. “Wow, you know Trevor told me you went batshit crazy at the pool party when he was hanging out with Rachel. I didn’t think anything of it. I just thought you were being protective of my sister since you were my best friend, but it’s all starting to make sense now.”

I didn’t realize I was crying until I felt a trickle of tears rolling down my face. I quickly brushed it away, my hands now shaking.

“Look, Connor, I’m sorry.”

“The hell you are! You are just a selfish, low life motherfucker. You don’t fucking want Rachel; you just want to ruin her because you fucking know there’s no way in this fucking life that you’d ever be with her. You don’t have shit to offer her, Luke, so why fucking touch her?!”

I cried even harder, unable to stop the tears. Luke said nothing, he just looked sad and disappointed.

“That’s not true,” I croaked.

“It’s not for you to decide whether or not it is. I know Luke more than he thinks I do.” He turned to him once more. “Pack your bags and leave the house before I call security.”

“No!” I shrieked.

“It’s either alive or in a fucking body bag,” he quipped tersely.

Luke nodded, sending one glance my way before he went upstairs. With tears streaming down my face, I turned to Connor, heat rushing through my veins.

“Why the hell are you pretending to care about me?” I hissed. “You haven’t for years!”

“I have always cared about you!” He defended.

I scoffed in disgust. “You’ve made jokes about me for years, always teasing me, calling me names, ignoring me all the time. All of a sudden you come back and act like brother of the year!” I swallowed the lump in my throat and blinked back the tears, lowering my voice. “I haven’t been happy in years; Luke shows up, and I feel like a different person in the best way possible. Why would you want to take that away?” I asked, genuinely curious.

His Adam’s apple bobbed. “I don’t know what he’s been telling you, Rachel, but I know one thing… He doesn’t care about you. This is who Luke is, he has his fun, gets girls attached, uses them and moves on…”

My lips quivered.

“You’re better than him,” he continued. “Luke doesn’t have his life together, he’s all over the place, and his safest bet is working as a fucking mechanic for the rest of his life!”

I gasped as I turned on my heels and ran upstairs with Connor in the background calling after me. I paused at the top of the stairs when I saw Luke coming from his bedroom with his bags. My heart ripped into a million pieces, and my tears poured.

“You don’t have to go,” I croaked, my voice filled with emotions.

He nodded. “I think I do,” he managed a tight smile before he placed his bags to the floor and approached me. When he touched my cheeks and cupped my face in his hands, I closed my eyes, basking in his touch with a haunting feeling that told me this would probably be the last time.

Luke used his thumb to wipe my tears. “Don’t cry, Kitten.”

I looked up into his soft green eyes. “I don’t want you to go…” I whispered.

“Maybe we’ll meet again some other time.” He cleared his throat. “You have a beautiful life ahead of you, and one day you’ll be so happy, you’ll forget a bloke like me ever entered your life. You’re better than me, Rachel.”

I shook my head. “Don’t say that… please.”

He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to my forehead. More tears fell as I stood there, trying to keep myself from falling apart.

“You’ve been the best part of my summer, Kitten.” With that, he got his bags and went downstairs.

When I heard the doors closing downstairs, I broke into sobs

and quickly ran down the steps. Connor grabbed me before I had a chance to get to the door. I slapped him against his chest, wanting him to let me go, but I was no match for his strength. It felt like a part of me had gone missing.

Chapter 16

Luke

"Don't act like I didn't warn you about those people. Rich folks will always be rich folks, son," my dad said for about the hundredth time since I'd been back. It was one of those I told you so moments I knew I wouldn't live down. "Pass me the wrench, will you?"

I got up and handed it to him. A couple seconds later, he slid out from under the car, using a cloth to wipe his slightly wrinkled forehead.

His eyes searched my face. "Don't worry about it, though. You can do without those people."

I nodded, not knowing how entirely true that was when I missed Rachel more than I could even describe. I'd thought leaving would be easy since part of me had known that it would eventually have to happen. I'd mentally prepared for it, and yet from the moment I walked through those doors, I knew I was damned.

It had only been a week since, and each day when I thought it would get better, I realized it only got worse. There was no getting over her – I knew that now.

"You know, you always said you wanted to go to college, and I did my very best to do that for you since it made you happy. But at the end of the day, Luke, this is where you belong, and you didn't need to waste time getting a fucking piece of paper when you damn well knew this is your life."

"Dad…"

"This shop here has been the heart of the town for years. My pops handed it down to me and told me I should do the same with my son. Now you're the only kid I got, and this is tradition. It'd be a sin to turn your back on it…"

I sighed heavily.

"You don't have to be rich in life, kid – you just have to be happy, and this place puts food on the table. I don't see why you're ashamed of it."

I pulled in a breath. "Dad, I'm not ashamed of the shop."

"Better not be. Sometimes, those rich people do all sorts of

things to be where they are. You make an honest living from this, not taking advantage of the poor or sacrificing your soul," he scoffed as he reached for a half empty bottle of beer he'd been drinking earlier.

I shook my head. "There's a lot to see outside of this town," I said.

"Look where that got you." He shook his head and headed outside. "Imma head over to Benny's tonight to have some dinner. You can come or stay here sulking about people who've long forgotten ya."

I sighed heavily and rubbed the nape of my neck before I hopped down from the dingy old table and walked around back to the house. It was a two bedroom that I'd spent my entire life in. Nothing close to the Smith mansion, but it was home.

I went to the bathroom to take a shower, pausing as I glanced in the mirror to look at my face. I hadn't shaved in a week and now had a stubble – closer in resemblance to my dad than I ever realized. Dark circles rested under my eyes, evidence of the lack of sleep I'd gotten since I'd been back. How could I, when the nights reminded me of the times I'd spent with Rachel, sneaking into her room, making love to her for hours. The transition was painful in more ways than one. After working up a routine like that, to not have anything at all had been agony. Not only did I miss Rachel, but I missed being inside her, touching her, kissing her, hearing how she talked with voice like a lullaby. I had none of that now.

With a huff, I stripped my clothes and stepped inside the shower.

**

Later that night, I joined my dad at Benny's for dinner. It was one of Bleatville's favorite chill spot, and it served the best food. I ordered hot wings and coke while my dad opted for a burger. Music blasted from the stereo while people in the packed bar chatted and laughed while they ate and drank.

"There's that pretty girl you went nuts about in high school," he said, looking over my shoulder.

I turned to look, eyes making contact with Mandy Maddison – my high school girlfriend whom I later ended things with just because she simply wasn't it for me. For years, I'd chased her, and when I finally got her, I realized she didn't live up to my expectations.

She smiled at me, turning to the cashier momentarily before she headed in my direction. I sighed heavily, dropping my fork to the

plate.

Dad chuckled. “I’ll be back. I think I see my good friend Ken in the back.” With that, he winked at me and slid off the chair with his food in hand.

Mandy came, a smile still on her face, her blue eyes twinkling as she looked at me. “Hey, Luke.”

“Mandy, what’s up?”

She took the seat my dad had occupied and leaned in. I caught a glimpse of her busty cleavage I had no doubt she was making an effort to show off. My gaze quickly went to her round face, which had tendrils of her pale blonde hair hanging down her face. She was a pretty girl, I had to give her that.

“I haven’t seen you around here in a while. Last time I heard, you were in some fancy college in Georgia.”

I smiled. “Yeah.”

Her gaze roamed over me. “You look good.”

“Thanks.”

She bit her lips. “There’s a club that opened up recently down the road. It’d be good if you could come.”

I cleared my throat. “Er… I’ll have to pass, Mandy. I’m pretty tired these days.”

She smiled. “Okay, well, how about you stop by my place tonight? You don’t even have to sneak through my bedroom window,” she raised her brows at that, as if it was the greatest deal in the world.

Maybe it might have seemed like that a month ago, but I couldn’t be with anyone who wasn’t Rachel. As Mandy sat before me, I realized she was the complete opposite of what I wanted. I wanted the slight shyness and purity that Rachel possessed. Her genuine love and care. I wanted Rachel.

“Sorry, I’ll have to pass.”

The smile quickly faded from her face but was up again in the next second. “I’ll leave the door open just in case,” she said before she slid her fingers along mine as she slid off the barstool.

I sighed once she was gone. Shit.

**

I tossed and turned the entire night, much like the other nights.

My body and soul missed Rachel, and my cock was painfully hard with the memories of her. Mandy's offer stood on the table, and I knew it wouldn't be too late to head down to her place and drive myself so deep inside her I forget my worries.

She was an experienced lover and would definitely deal with my problem at hand, but I just couldn't do it. It was either Rachel or no one at all.

I slammed the pillows over my face and groaned loudly, knowing the rest of my life would be torture. Maybe this was my karma for breaking so many hearts in the past. Perhaps it was my time to be heartbroken.

Chapter 17

Rachel

I clutched the necklace around my neck, curled in a ball on my bed while I stared at the blank wall ahead of me. As much as I tried to relive the happy memories with Luke, it all ended with what had transpired when Connor had caught us. The sweetness that I tried my best to preserve was always tainted by that.

Luke left, and I still found it hard to grapple with, even when I tried to be angry at him and tell myself he didn't love me enough to fight for me. Leaving me had been easy. For days on end after he left, Connor had made it his duty to tell me that Luke wasn't worthy of me and that he was probably happy for the clean break – loving the fact that he didn't have to do it himself. After a while, I started to believe that.

I knew Luke was a player, and he'd told me himself that he could only promise me a good time. Why was I even disappointed when he had made himself clear? Truth was, he was probably hooked up with someone else – an unknowing girl who would fall for his charms before she even knew it.

Tears trickled down my face, and I sniffed, wiping them away before I went to hold my necklace again.

"Rachel," I heard my mom's voice and squeezed my eyes shut, definitely not wanting the company, but Mom always had good intentions, and I knew it wasn't fair to treat her like this.

I eased up from the bed to acknowledge her. She came to sit beside me on the bed, concern marred over her entire face.

"I made lunch; I thought you'd join us."

"I'm not hungry, Mom," I said, my voice croaky.

She sighed, reaching for my hand. "Honey, you've got to eat something. You haven't eaten anything substantial in days. I'm starting to get worried," she said, her voice breaking.

My lips quivered; I didn't want to make her sad.

"Please, this isn't healthy."

I nodded despite myself.

"I hate to see you like this. I want to see that glow that had

been present those weeks ago. I want my baby girl back," she said.

I broke down in tears. "I miss him so much!" I sobbed.

She hugged me, rubbing my back while I cried against her. As my cries subsided, she broke free to look in my eyes, hers glistening.

"I know sweetheart, but this is your first love. It's hard most times to get over them, and the ache will be present for a while, but you will persevere."

Connor had eventually told Mom about me and Luke, and she had been frantic. In her eyes, I was the saint; untouched, and kept away from the world for my own safety. To know that someone had entered our home and smeared that perfect picture she had of me had left her in shambles. Despite my heartache and what I was going through, she was upset for a time. Until she finally came around.

Regardless of how much she tried to make me forget about Luke, it had only made me miss him more. It had felt like the world was against me, and in those moments, I knew Luke would be the only person who could comfort me. Problem was, he wasn't here.

I cleared my throat. "I stopped being happy after Dad died," I confessed. "For a long time, I thought I'd forever be broken, and then you remarried shortly after, and I was thrust in this whole different world. I think you knew I wasn't happy, that's why you gave me everything I wanted, but I was never entirely happy Mom." She was crying now, too.

"Luke came along, and I hadn't even planned it, but he made me feel things, and he made me happy. He comforted me, and he made me feel special at times when I thought differently, and now he's gone, and I don't know how to cope," I sobbed.

"Oh, honey!" Mom exclaimed before she pulled me into her arms again. I cried my heart out until I grew tired and only wanted to sleep. I might have fallen asleep in my mom's arms, but when I woke up, she wasn't there.

**

I was hurting, but I didn't want to be selfish either. So for dinner that day, I took a shower and tried my best to look alive. I didn't want my mom to see me like this and knew that it would only break her heart more.

I pulled on a dress and went downstairs, my footsteps heavy as I made my way to the dining area. Henry and Connor were home – I

could hear them as I made my way there. However, I paused in my tracks when I heard my name. Curious, I tip-toed towards the wall and pressed myself there, eavesdropping on what they were saying.

"Is she coming down for dinner?" Henry asked.

Mom sighed. "I don't know. She's still upset; I think she needs more time."

"Christ, I hate to see her like that," Henry said. "Was Luke even that bad; I thought he was a respectful young man, and I thought he was your friend, Connor."

"He was, but friends don't go behind friend's backs like that."

"So, all this is because of your ego? Maybe he didn't tell you about what was happening because he knew this was how you'd react."

I swallowed hard.

"Dad, you don't know Luke. He's a player and has been from the moment I met him. He flirts, he charms and just when the ladies think they've got their claws in him, he drops them. Excuse me for not wanting that for Bug."

I shook my head.

"I can't say I want that for her either," Mom put in.

"A man is always willing to change for that special woman. Who's to tell this hasn't been hard on him, too?"

Connor scoffed. "Please."

"I just think it should have been their choice. They're both adults; if Luke ended up breaking Rachel's heart, that would have been an entirely different situation, but you forced them apart, son."

"She loves him," my mom said. My eyes stung again.

"I know," Connor sighed.

There was silence after, and I knew I couldn't join them. So, I went back upstairs and tried my very best not to be sad, but that was a hard one.

Chapter 18

Luke

I screwed the finishing touches of the car I'd been working on and slid out from under it, wiping my hand in a dirty piece of cloth that had been smeared with engine oil. I sighed as I reached for the bottle of cold water I'd been drinking and took a hearty gulp. The heat was blistering.

I was about to head down to the house to grab something to eat when a car pulled up. I squinted my eyes in the sun and looked to see who it was. Only the few rich people around here rented such high-end Ubers.

I continued to watch, my brows furrowing when Connor stepped out. I put the bottle down and watched as he moved towards me, baring his teeth in the sun despite wearing sunglasses.

I leaned against the door of the shop, wondering why he was here. My heart beat faster when I wondered if something had happened to Rachel. I straightened up when he stood in front of me.

His gaze did a head-to-toe of my frame, taking note of my dirty overalls and stubbly face.

"Damn."

I raised a brow. "What are you doing here?" I asked. "Is Rachel alright?"

He removed the glasses from his face and wiped his brow with the back of his hand. "Took me a while to find you. I can't believe we were friends for years, and I never knew your exact location."

I shrugged. "Now you do."

"The small-town life doesn't look good on you, Luke."

I scoffed. "If you've come all this way to insult me, you've wasted a trip."

The muscles worked up in his jaw. "I was an asshole."

"When has that not been the case?" I jabbed back.

He frowned. "Can you just let me talk, please?"

I shrugged, crossing my arms. "I was fucking pissed at what you did and thought you should have told me you were messing around

with Rachel. We talk about girls all the time, but you went behind my back, and it felt like betrayal."

I shook my head. "Why don't you repeat what you really mean, Con and stop the bullshit about boy talk?" I snapped. "You thought I was a low life who didn't deserve to be near, much less touch your sister."

His gaze faltered to the floor. "I didn't mean that."

"Funny how anger has a way of bringing out the truth in people."

"I didn't mean it. I was angry, and I picked for words I knew would hurt you as much as I was hurting. It was unfair of me to rip you out of Rachel's life like that."

I scoffed as I turned and headed back inside to grab my water. God knew I needed it. "The damage is already done."

"She's a mess, she's barely eaten, she barely talks to anyone, and she cries all the time. She misses you, man."

I stiffened, hearing Connor's words. It was like he'd driven a knife through me. In the literal sense, that probably would have been less painful.

"Alana is worried, Dad is worried, and I'm worried."

I couldn't find the words. All I could think about was Rachel hurting.

"Do you love her?"

I turned to face Connor once again, his words taking me by surprise. I'd never asked myself the question until now, but as I stood there pondering Connor's question, it all made sense to me. This couldn't be anything else. This was more than just missing Rachel. She was the missing piece.

I looked up to Connor, my lips parted. "I do." I nodded and paced the floor while it became more abundantly clear to me. "I love her."

"Fuck," Connor muttered. "Well, you have to come with me and tell her. We could be on the next flight out."

I paused to look at him. "Well, how else are you going to get her, dummy. Dad's private jet is waiting at the airport."

I scratched my head. "I just can't…"

"Of course, you can. Now go pack a fucking bag, Anderson."

I snorted a laugh at that, pointing a finger at Connor. “Stay here; I’ll be back.”

He nodded while I headed down to the house, a bittersweet feeling thrumming inside me. I had no doubts about going to get Rachel and telling how much I loved her, but, on the other hand, there was my dad who would likely never speak to me again if I made this move.

I pushed open the front door and paused when I saw him there. He was watching tv, a beer in hand. He looked up at me, a frown on his face.

“Everything okay, Boy?”

I swallowed. “I have to go,” I said.

“Go where?” He asked as he got up from the sofa.

“Back to Miami.”

“For what?” He asked, grown deepening.

“I’m in love, Dad.”

He shook his head, still not clear on what I was saying.

“It’s Connor’s sister, and I made a mistake by leaving her in the first place,” I said as I headed to my room, happy to let it out and even more eager to pack.

“Have you lost your God-damned mind?” Dad exclaimed from the door.

“Maybe, but I have to do this.”

“You have a responsibility here!” He snapped.

I paused to look at him, putting my packing to a halt as I approached him. “Dad, I love you, and I couldn’t be more grateful for the life you’ve given me over the years, but I have to spread my wings outside of this town and be the man I want to be. I have ideas and dreams that I want to pursue, and I can’t get far if I stay here, I’m sorry.”

His bewildered eyes searched my face, his mouth twisted in a derisive manner. After a second, he nodded. “Okay, I guess you’re an adult now, and I can’t exactly force you to do what you don’t want, but when those people disappoint you again and remind you that you don’t belong in their world, I don’t want you coming back here with your tail between your legs.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat. His words cut deep, but I knew there was no convincing him to think differently. I guess I’d just

have to live with that.

I cleared my throat. “I hope one day I could get your blessing,” I smiled before I continued packing. I took a quick shower and said my goodbyes as I left. Though I didn’t get a reply, I continued on my way.

My excitement to see Rachel was quick to disregard every other emotion.

**

The closer we came to the Smith family mansion, the more anxious I became. My chest was filled with so much emotions as I moved closer and closer towards my prize.

“I hope we can move past what was said in the heat of the moment and still be friends,” Connor said. “Rachel wasn’t the only one who’s been missing you, Luke.”

“You gained points for flying miles to come see me.”

Connor laughed. “I guess that’s a start?”

“Definitely is. And if it’s worth anything, I’m sorry I went behind your back with Rachel. I didn’t realize that in creating one relationship, I was breaking the other.”

Connor nodded. “I’m sorry, too, for how I handled things.”

I nodded.

“I just want you to promise me that you’ll do good by her.”

I met his gaze. “I will.”

He nodded before he grinned. “Do you know where the nickname comes from?”

“Bug?” I asked.

He chuckled. “Yeah. When I saw her for the first time, she had these big brown doe eyes that could melt your soul. I thought ‘what a cute little bug,’ and it just kinda stuck.”

I grinned. “I bet you never told her that.”

“Nah, it’ll just have to be our little secret.”

I grinned when suddenly the car came to a stop. My heart fluttered and subconsciously, I adjusted my shirt as I stared at the front door.

“This is it,” I mumbled.

“Damn right.”

I pushed the door open and headed to the front door with Connor behind me. Once we stepped inside, my heart galloped even faster. Silence welcomed us; I turned to Connor who looked to the stairs.

“Rachel, could you come down for a sec?” He called.

There was silence.

“Rachel!” He called yet again.

“Leave me alone!” She called, her voice sounding weak.

“Please, it’s important!”

I turned to him. “Maybe I should just go up.”

He shook his head. “I want to see the look on her face.”

I nodded and looked up at the stairs. For a second, I thought she wouldn’t come, but then I spotted her. She was in a dress similar to the one we wore at the beach, her hair was down, tumbling over her shoulders and down her back. She had her head down, only lifting it up when she was halfway down.

The breath caught in my throat when I met her gaze. Her brown eyes widened, and she paled, her lips slightly parting as she looked at me.

I swallowed the magnitude of emotions that bunched in my throat and smiled.

I saw the tears welling in her eyes. “Luke?”

I nodded, smiling when she ran towards me. I caught her in my arms, holding her tightly to me as she sobbed. I buried my face in her neck, sucking in her scent, the feel of her soft body. I couldn’t get enough.

“You came back,” she said as she broke free to look at me. I realized her eyes were slightly puffy, but nothing could make Rachel less beautiful.

“I’m sorry I left,” I said.

The tears fell from her eyes. “I missed you,” she croaked.

“I missed you even more,” I said while I wiped her tears. “I love you.”

Her lips quivered. “You do?”

“More than you know.”

She laughed. “I love you, too.”

I hugged her once again, not wanting to let her go and wanting to make up for all the times I’d spent away.

Rachel broke free again, her gaze roaming my face. “How did you get here?”

I turned to Connor. “All thanks to him.”

Rachel gasped.

Connor managed a tight smile. “I’m sorry for tearing you apart in the first place. I thought it was for the best, Bug, but I later realized it wasn’t, and I’m sorry. I don’t know if you’ll ever forgive me, and I understand that.”

Rachel sniffled before moving towards Connor. I didn’t know what to expect, but when she hugged him, I smiled.

“You brought him back,” she said.

My heart was full as I watched the interaction. Conner, as tough as he was, seemed close to tears. Something I’d never seen before.

Once the interaction was over, she came back to me, went on tiptoes, and kissed me hard. I held onto her, knowing there wasn’t a chance in hell I’d be letting her go again.

She was mine now and forever.

Epilogue

Rachel

4 years later

I slid my tongue down the length of his cock and sucked his balls into my mouth. Luke grunted, his fingers raking through my hair as he urged me on. I went back up to the tip, licked the rim and then rubbed his hardened flesh on my lips. My mouth pooled with wetness, and I allowed it to trail from my mouth and down his length. I slid my lips down on him, enjoying the texture against my lips as I filled the corners of my mouth with him.

His cock slid to the back of my throat, making more wetness surge from my mouth and down his shaft. Luke thrusted his hips upright, allowing his cock to slid in my throat while my wetness dribbled down his length.

He grunted again, and I eased off a little, focusing on the tip and making circular motions with my tongue around the tip. I knew this was his most sensitive area, always guaranteed to get an orgasm out of him.

I held my focus there, using my tongue to tease the slitted-tip at the head, alternating between twisting my tongue around it and prodding the tiny hold at the top. Luke's groans increased, his hands weaving through my hair and down my neck as I pleasured him. I reached for his balls and massaged them into my hands while I licked his tip. His moans announced that he'd come soon, and so I swallowed him again, taking all of him inside my mouth and allowing him to fuck my throat.

He steadily held my head as he plunged upright, and I stayed there while my cheeks heated from his thrusts.

Luke bucked, and I braced myself before a hot spurt of his cum filled my mouth. I eased off just a little, collecting every drop and doing my best to swallow as much as possible.

I eased up to look at him, smiling when I saw the satisfaction on his face. He reached for me and pulled me up, making me lay against his chest.

"I can't believe how good you've gotten," he said.

I giggled. “You mean compared to my first time?”

He chuckled. “I would have still come if you’d stayed longer; I just wanted your pussy more.”

I smiled. “We should get going. We don’t want to miss our flights. Plus, I miss baby Lucas so much.”

Luke chuckled. “I bet your parents are having the time of their lives with him?”

I grinned. “It’s Henry’s perfect retirement plan. He’s crazy over him and with Camille expecting, he’ll have two grandkids to keep him busy.”

“True,” Luke said as he pulled me into him. “I wish this honeymoon would last longer, though. Feels nice.”

“It does. I wish we had done it sooner,” I teased.

Luke chuckled, looking at me in disbelief. “You were the one who wanted to wait until you finished school.”

I grinned. “I know.”

He kissed the top of my head. “I love you.”

“I love you.”

We stayed in bed for a couple more minutes before we got dressed and headed to the airport. While we waited in line to board our flights, an ad came up on the television; Anderson Global. I smiled as I watched it, a feeling of pride overcoming me. I pulled Luke closer to me and rested my head against him.

He caught on to what I was watching and lowered his head to kiss me on the top of my head.

“We did it,” I said.

He smiled. “Mostly you and your tech-savvy brain. I was just the manpower.”

“Oh, you did a lot more than that.”

He turned to look down at me. “You’re my everything, Rachel. I hope you know that.”

I smiled as I trailed my hand across his bearded jaw – a look that I’d grown to love.

“I know.”

He was about to kiss me when his phone rang. He fished it out his pocket and smiled. “It’s my Dad.”

“Tell him hi for me.”

“Oh, you can do that all by yourself,” he said as he handed the phone to me.

A huge smile was on my face as soon as I answered.

“Hi!”

“Rachel, how’s it going, darling?”

“Great, we’re at the airport right now, about to board our flight.”

“Oh, I thought you guys were back home. I wanted to talk to that boy of mine,” I knew he was referring to Lucas and smiled.

“I’ll call you back as soon as we get home so you can.”

“Yes, listen, I was planning on taking a flight there in August. I know I was just there the other day, but I miss you guys.”

I smiled. “Aww, we miss you, too, and you can stay for however long you want; you know that.”

He chuckled. “Well, you know me. I can’t stay away from my small town for long.”

I smiled. “Right.”

“Well, anyway, you two have a safe trip back home and call me as soon as you get back, so I can speak with Lucas.”

“I will.”

The call ended, and I smiled, turning to Luke. He frowned. “He didn’t want to talk to me?” He asked.

I grinned. “You know Lucas is the apple of his eye. He’s the one he wanted to talk to.”

Luke grinned. “Well, that’s still a win.”

I hugged him and smiled, thinking on how happy I was and that had been a constant feeling since Luke entered my life. Four years, and I only loved him more.

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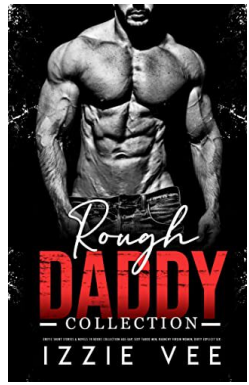

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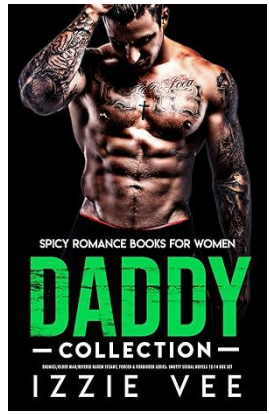

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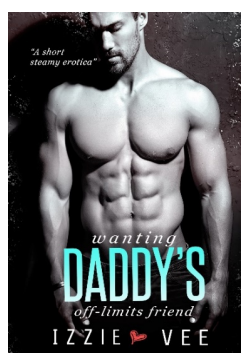

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our

year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***